The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 615. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

GERMAN AIRMEN BOMB HOLIDAY CROWDS

SIXTEEN AEROPLANES RAID ENGLISH COAST.

ENORMOUS HAVOC WROUGHT IN SMALL AREA.

EXPRESS TRAIN'S DASH THROUGH ZONE OF ATTACK.

Sixteen enemy aeroplanes raided the South-East Coast of England, killing 76 persons and injuring 175 others.

An enormous number of bombs appear to have been dropped, and in one place alone no fewer than sixty, of a highly-explosive nature, fell on a crowd engaged in shopping.

By some ill-fate the first bomb fell on what was practically the only crowded thoroughfare in a South-East town.

Magnificent work was performed by our airmen, and at one point the onlookers below observed about a dozen machines apparently engaged in mortal combat.

Many miraculous escapes are reported. A railway guard gives a graphic account of how his train was the object of the raiders' attack, bombs having fallen in fields on either side of the line.

The German version of the raid states that an attack from the air was made on the towns of Dover and Folkstone.

DAMAGE IN LIMITED AREA.

RAIDERS' LUCKY SHOT.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Association special correspondent telegraphs:—

Fifty or more mangled bodies of men, women, and children, the latter predominating, now lie in the mortuary of a south-east town.

The main damage was caused within an area of less than a quarter of a square mile, and, even considering the number of lives that have been lost and the number of people now lying in the hospital suffering from grievous and terrible wounds, that damage cannot be regarded as extremely serious.

Had it not been for the fact that the first bomb by some ill-fate dropped upon what was practically the only crowded thoroughfare the loss would have been small, and the Germans would once again have had their sail across the sea for practically nothing.

TRAIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Guard's Graphic Story.

Returning to Victoria Station from the South-East Coast a guard on one of the trains meeting one of his colleagues said:—

"Shake hands with me, old man. I must congratulate myself for being alive. As our train passed through Kent I noticed the Taubes were about, and one seemed to be right above us.

"Shortly afterwards there was an explosion to the left. This was almost immediately followed by another on our right. I looked out of the window and I saw it was evident they meant to get us if they could.

"Happily they missed us, but not by a very large margin after all, as I could see something smoking in the fields on either side of the railway line."

SIXTY BOMBS ON SHOPPING CROWDS.

Air Filled With Explosives.

A South-East Town, Saturday Night.

This town was heavily bombed last evening by enemy aeroplanes, and a large number of casualties have resulted, particularly in the shopping centre.

The noise of the engines was heard in a westerly direction, coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a white dove-shaped aeroplane was observed, and immediately there was the sound of an explosion.

From that time for the next eight or ten minutes the air seemed filled with explosions. The clouds cleared slightly, and I counted no fewer than eleven hostile aeroplanes. Some people declare that they saw greater numbers—up to seventeen.

Formations of Five.

They came in formations of five, and all seemed to be dropping bombs at the same time. In spite of all this the demeanour of the people was excellent. Scarcely any part of the town escaped injury. The greatest damage was done to the shopping centre.

The principal streets were crowded at the time, but fortunately many people were able to take cover, or the casualties would have been heavier. In this shopping locality fourteen women, seven children, and six men were killed, and many were injured.

A Shower of Bombs.

The bombs fell in a shower all over the town. Altogether, at least sixty were dropped on this town, some of them of a very high explosive nature.

Bombs were also dropped on three neighbouring towns, but so far as I can ascertain there were no deaths there, though several people have been injured. Heavy damage was done to buildings, and in more than one street houses and shops were practically destroyed. A greengrocer's shop on the east side was almost demolished, and a large residence in the west end suffered severely. Among the other buildings hit was a school.

The police ambulance corps and special constables did excellent work. Many of the local hospitals being already full of wounded soldiers, the injured civilians had to be distributed among the various institutions.

The raiders, having dropped their bombs, turned towards the sea again, followed by the anti-aircraft guns and defending aeroplanes. They got clear of the coast line, it is believed, without loss.

HUNDREDS OF WINDOWS BROKEN.

Young Woman Fatally Hit.

South-East Coast, Saturday Night.

Seaplanes attempted a raid on the South-East Coast last evening. British aeroplanes went in pursuit.

The weather was beautifully bright when the warning of enemy aircraft approaching was sounded. The raiders came from a south-westerly direction, and apparently none of these succeeded in passing the coast line.

The machines in a very few minutes were heading out across the Channel again. I saw five raiders, three in one group and two in another. The raiders were flying very fast and very high. No bombs appear to have been dropped in this district.

Enemy aircraft, however, passed over a South-East Coast town at a great height, and dropped three bombs. Two of these exploded, one near the railway and one in the air.

A fragment from the latter bomb hit a young woman, aged nineteen, on the head. After lingering a while, she died.

A railwayman named Hook, who went into his garden to see what was going on, was struck on the left hand, losing one finger and having another injured. Hundreds of windows were broken, but otherwise there was no damage to property.

The raider, which flew at a great height, was scarcely visible, but onlookers saw aeroplanes making in its direction, and it soon turned south-east towards the sea. Firing in the air could be heard as it made off.

It is reported that a bomb was dropped near a village on the way here from the coast, but it did little damage.

A piece of a bomb has been picked up here shaped like a propeller.

A DOZEN AEROPLANES FIGHTING.

Crowds View Contest.

Another correspondent says:—

For half an hour at about 6 p.m. the whirr of an aeroplane engine was heard in the distance.

In a rural district about six miles south-east of this town a bomb was dropped in an open field, making a hole 5 feet deep and 16 feet across, but causing no damage.

South of the town a few minutes later through a break in the clouds onlookers declare that they saw about a dozen aeroplanes flying very high and apparently fighting. These were soon lost to view in the gathering clouds as the raiders made for the sea.

FAILURE OF THE RAID.

GERMAN OBJECTIVE UNACCOMPLISHED.

(Exclusive to "Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday.

The great lesson of the air raid is that we in this country have to reckon with the Hun in desperation.

The fierce hate he has for this country is expressed in this latest raid, the greatest effort in frightfulness for the civil population that he has been able to plan.

This country has been saved by the Navy from the terrors and devastation, the ruthlessness and the bloodshed of invasion by land, and it is clear that, with the failure of the Zeppelin menace and the U-boat campaign, he has devised the aerial raid to take the place of these measures,

Frightfulness the Object.

The object is twofold—to try to terrify the public of this country and to uplift the flagging spirits of the German people, who are sick of the war, and who will shortly learn about the German failure to bring about a separate peace with Russia, and about the situation in Austria, where the populace are crying out for a break with Germany.

The raid was of a most audacious kind, carried out, as it was, in daylight. What the Zeppelins failed to do by night the aircraft have done by the cat-and-mouse tactics.

Three times as many people have been killed and injured as in the whole of the previous German aeroplane raids. In this raid more people have been killed and far more have been injured than in either of the big Zeppelin raids of October, 1915, and January, 1916.

A Deadly Raid.

This twenty-first aeroplane raid is more deadly than any Zeppelin raid on England. The enemy chose a time when he knew holiday-makers, women and children chiefly, would be about, and he has taken a full toll of them. He has achieved no military object, but he has killed more women and non-combatants as will please the High Command.

The raid, however, has been as big a failure as the others, inasmuch as the Hun has created no alarm in the country, but rather a determination to war with him to the bitter end.

Saw the Aircraft.

I visited the district of the raid, and talked with those who saw the aircraft. They were flying high, but they were plainly visible, and the whirr of the engines made a terrible din. At first people took them for British aircraft, deeming that the Hun, who is a coward at heart, would not fly except by night.

Their plan was to cut and run after they had killed as many helpless people as they could, but they had not reckoned with the British Air Service.

When the difficulty of tackling a scattered squadron is considered the bag of our Air Service is a good one. They succeeded in bringing three of the raiding machines down. Our airmen engaged the enemy fearlessly and wherever they met them. The aerial battle at a great height was one of the grandest achievements of our aviators.

Once Too Often.

The Germans thought that sheer audacity would carry them through, but they found that, like the Channel raiders, they could come once too often. Now that they know the capabilites of our airmen they may be less inclined to pursue this policy of frightfulness, which only reverts on themselves. The loss of three of their machines is a severe blow to them.

London to-day has made the raid the subject of conversation. The chief note is of pity and contempt for the Hun, who thinks to break the spirit of our race by these measures. There is also a call for reprisals to teach him a lesson for his puny impertinence.

FRENCH GUNS BUSY.

ARTILLERY BOOMING ON WIDE FRONT.

GERMAN POSITIONS HEAVILY BOMBED

Paris, Saturday Night.

There were intermittent artillery actions on the greater part of the front, and rather lively in the region to the west of Vauxaillon and in the Champagne sector of Mont Haut and the Teton.

An enemy supreme attack on one of our small posts to the north-east of Vauxaillon completely failed.

To the north of Cerny our batteries caught under their fire and dispersed some enemy parties.

Aviation.—During the days of May 23, 24, and 25 our pilots in the course of air fights brought down ten enemy aeroplanes. Seventeen other machines were forced to descend, crippled, in their lines.

In the course of numerous bombardments carried out by our squadrons during the same period the station of Mars, La Tour, Chambley, Conflans, Vouziers, and Anizy, and the bivouacs in the region of Laon, &c., were also subjected to numerous projectiles.

A total of 13,000 kilogrammes of explosives were dropped, these causing considerable damage.

U.S.A. AND ANNEXATION.

WILSON TO MAKE STATEMENT.

Paris, Saturday.

The Washington correspondent of the Petit Parisien says it is confirmed that President Wilson will shortly make a statement analagous to that made by M. Ribot, the French Premier, and that it will be published simultaneously in Washington and Petrograd.

The Note will define the attitude of the United States which has entered the war without contemplating any indemnity or annexation, and which precisely on account of this attitude can object with entire impartiality to the application of the same formula to Belgium and France.

The United States, while recognising that it has no right to discuss the details of what Belgium and France desire, will strongly assert its right to decline any discussion with autocratic Governments which are incapable of keeping to any engagement.

AMERICAN SHIPPING PLEDGE.

3,000,000 Tons in Eighteen Months.

New York, Saturday.

Major-General Goethals has received a pledge from one thousand steel manufacturers that the entire resources of the United States Steel Corporation shall be at the disposal of the Shipping Board, and the assurance that they can produce 3,000,000 of tonnage in eighteen months for the mercantile marine.

A result of the visit of the British Mission is entire agreement as to the joint war plans. There has been nothing concluded of the nature of binding treaties, but all parties have been greatly helped by the exchange of views and the mutual agreement that has been come to.

A trade compact has been arranged with the United States to give the Allies preferential treatment in commerce and ensure co-operation in the blockade of Germany.

STRUCK BY SHRAPNEL.

Inquest on Woman Victim.

London, Saturday Night.

An inquest was held this evening in a south-eastern town on a young woman who lost her life in the air raid.

The deceased's father said that after an explosion he found his daughter lying near the house with her brains protruding through the skull, she having been struck by a piece of shrapnel.

A witness described the explosion as looking like a wheel of fire. Glass from broken windows fell in all directions.

Deceased had been shopping, and was hurrying to get indoors, but was struck down near the gate of her house.

A verdict of killed by the action of hostile aircraft was returned.

THE GERMAN VERSION.

London, Saturday Night.

The German Wireless report has the following:—

During the course of a successful raid one of our air squadrons dropped bombs on Dover and Folkestone, on the south coast of England. Long distance flights inland also gave good results.

BRITISH ADVANCE.

PROGRESS SOUTH OF SCARPE.

10 GERMAN AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

MANY BOMBING RAIDS.

British General Headquarters, France, Saturday, 9.30 p.m.

Our line has been advanced slightly during the day west and north-west of Fontaine Les Croiselles.

We carried out a successful bombing raid early this morning north-west of Wytschaete, in which we secured prisoners.

Many air reconnaissances and bombing raids were carried out by us yesterday.

In air fighting five German aeroplanes were brought down and five others were driven down out of control.

Five of our aeroplanes are missing.

BRITISH AIRMEN MAKE GOOD.

ABSOLUTE DOMINATION OVER ENEMY.

(By Press Association Correspondent.)

British Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

There has been much aerial activity, in which our splendid flying men have certainly made good their pledge that, given a few successive fine days, they will at any time establish an absolute domination over the Hun airmen.

The infantry, on the whole, has had a pretty quiet time as things go these days. Beyond a series of raids and one or two trench pinching operations there has been little to report.

The troops have welcomed this respite. It is not for me to suggest the real explanation of this lull. The German newspapers are making out that our spring offensive has definitely failed, and that it is therefore finished. Their talent for misinterpretation and miscalculation remain unquenchable.

Several British prisoners have succeeded in making their way back to our lines during the past few days, and their versions of what they have seen do not harmonise well with the smug wireless statements. They say that the enemy is manifestly very short of various necessities of war. Their gas masks were all taken from them, the explanation for which was that owing to the rubber famine the German respirators are now much inferior to our own.

This gives point to the news that several times during the past week we have released gas waves against the people who first introduced this method of waging war. All the motor transport these men saw had iron tyres. They say that they heard much muffled grumbling as to the length of time the Huns are kept in the trenches without relief, the reduction in rations, and the severity of our artillery fire.

There seems to be an underside to the discipline which has so much to do with success. I am of opinion that the mobile reserves of the enemy have probably been depleted to an even greater degree than we have reason to suspect.

GERMANS CAPTURE TWO SWEDISH STEAMERS.

British Release Two Others.

Copenhagen, Tuesday (Delayed).

The Stockholm correspondent of the Berlingske Tidende reports that yesterday two more Swedish steamers were captured by German warships while on their way to Finland.

The British Legation at Stockholm reports that the British Government has ordered the authorities at Halifax, Nova Scotia, to release the Swedish wheat steamers Torne and Carlsholm.

BRAZILIAN CONGRESS AND WAR.

Rio de Janeiro, Saturday.

The Joint Diplomatic Committees are recommending Congress to break neutrality in favour of America. Also, if, after the results of the Liguca inquiry are announced, they should favour the Allies, that the Brazilian Fleet should patrol the Atlantic.

The Congress debate will be held in secret.

ITALIANS TAKE 22,419 PRISONERS.

GREAT HAUL IN ELEVEN DAYS.

ENEMY DRIVEN BACK WITH GREAT LOSS.

London, Saturday Night.

The great Italian thrust forward, commenced eleven days ago, is developing with great rapidity, and the capture of prisoners now totals 22,419. Not only has our resourceful Ally captured various important points, but dense masses of the enemy, who counter-attacked after violent artillery fire, have been driven back with heavy losses.

MANY IMPORTANT POINTS GAINED.

Effective Work By Airmen.

Rome, Saturday.

The official Italian communique issued here to-day says:—

Heavy fighting still continues on the Carso, where our gallant troops yesterday carried another strongly-fortified enemy position, capturing 3500 prisoners, and much war material.

After intense artillery preparation lasting until four o'clock in the afternoon the infantry of the 7th Army Corps vigorously attacked and carried the network of trenches extending from the mouth of the Timavo River to the Feast of Jamiano, and took possession of the heights between Flondar Medazza.

Further north, after severe hand-to-hand fighting, the enemies' defence at Labyrinth, east of Boscomalo, was broken, and Hill 220 south-east of the village and the trenches around Castagnavizza were taken.

Operations on the northern sector of the Carso were confined almost exclusively to artillery actions.

We extended our positions on Hill 174, north of Tivoli.

Fighting was very heavy in the Vodice area, where the enemy made every effort to dislodge us from the important point, Hill 652, which, however, remained firmly in our possession.

After violent artillery preparation dense masses of the enemy yesterday again attempted repeatedly and stubbornly to attack our lines.

The splendid resistance of our troops maintained the position, and the enemy was, time after time, driven back with heavy loss, and left over 300 prisoners in our hands.

In the Plava Zone we made further progress on the slopes of Hill 363 towards the Rogat Hohot Balley.

The total number of prisoners captured so far on the Julian front from the 14th inst. up to yesterday is 22,419, including 487 officers.

Our airmen flew in great numbers over the enemy's back lines yesterday, bombed railway works, ammunition dumps, and batteries, and attacked the enemy infantry on the march with machine guns.

All returned safely.

One enemy machine was brought down.

FIERCENESS OF CARSO BATTLE.

Splendid Progress Despite Formidable Opposition.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter's Agency has received the following details on the operations mentioned in the Italian communique:—

The battle continued yesterday on the Carso with great fierceness and violence. All along the front the enemy has put up a most formidable resistance, more especially against the Italian left wing between Castagnavissa and the northern fringe of the Corsic Plateau, where the enemy deployed a very considerable number of troops and concentrated artillery fire.

Notwithstanding this the Italians have continued their steady advance It is difficult to estimate the importance of the progress made by the extension of ground occupied, though in some points, and more especially on the right wing, this has been noticeable. In most parts the Italian troops have had to take one by one five successive lines of trenches. Each of these represent by itself a perfectly organised defensive system protected by wire entanglements and by natural dugouts.

Hornet Nests of Machine Guns.

The intervals between the lines are full of veritable hornets' nests of machine gun emplacements, veritably hidden and masked behind rocks and stones, so as to be quite invisible, thus covering the enemy's retreat. Affording, as they do, a very difficult mark for the Italian gunners, it is not possible to count upon the Italian guns for their destruction, and it is therefore necessary to proceed with great caution so as not to expose the attacking troops to useless losses.

The character of the attack, instead of being violent and impetuous, has to be careful in the extreme. Field batteries protect the advancing infantry, which is now pressing hard against the Austrian line of Flonda on the fringe of the western slopes of Mount Hermada. At the same time they are obtaining a firmer and wider foothold on the Plateau of Castagnavissa.

Aviator's Tenth Victim.

Of the three aeroplanes which the communiqae refers to, one was brought down by Lieutenant Olivari (his tenth), the second by Sergeant Arrigoni (his fifth), and the third by Cadet Borrachini.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

KERENSKI MEETS BRUSSILOFF.

CONFIDENCE IN NEW RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

Petrograd, Saturday.

M. Kerenski, Minister for War, and M. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, have arrived in the South-Western front, where they were received by General Brussiloff, the officer commanding.

The two Ministers attended a congress of delegates from the South-Western front and addressed the gathering. All the delegates informed M. Kerenski that they had entire confidence in the Provisional Government, and would faithfully obey all orders.

RUSSIANS REPEL THE TURKS.

Great Activity in the Air.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following official communique is issued to-day:—

On the Western and Roumanian fronts the usual rifle and minor scouting reconnaisances have taken place.

On he Caucasian front attempts by the Turks to dislodge our troops from the heights south of Van were frustrated by our fire

An enemy aeroplane, brought down by our artillery, fell in the enemy's lines east of the village of Olai, south-west of Riga.

North-east of Dvinsk our artillery brought down an enemy aeroplane, which fell in flames in our lines. Ensigns Kakorin and Zlemelevitch also brought down an enemy aeroplane, which fell to the north-east of Kezor, east of Brzejau. The machine was uninjured, and the enemy airman perished.

In the region of Selko, south of Brzejau, two German machines brought down one of our aeroplanes. Our airman, Ensign Seriabriakov, and the observer, Sub-Lieut. Stchukin, were killed.

GERMAN RAID ON ISMAIL.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN KILLED.

Petrograd, Saturday.

During the last few days German aircraft have carried out several raids on towns situated in the Danube region, dropping numerous bombs.

A raid on the town of Ismail was particularly destructive.

A large number of women and children were killed or wounded.

FIGHT FOR AIR MASTERY.

GERMANS LOSE 61 MACHINES.

The following are the results of air fighting on the Western front, as given in the British bulletins published last week:—

German aeroplanes brought down or otherwise put out of action	61
British aeroplanes brought down or missing	28

We destroyed three captive balloons.

The French bulletins have announced the bringing down of eighteen enemy aeroplanes, while seventeen were forced to descend crippled in the German lines, and two captive balloons.

The Germans claim to have brought down seventy-seven Allied aeroplanes and six captive balloons

WHAT JAPAN'S NAVY IS DOING.

London, Saturday.

A Reuter Tokio message says: — The Ministry of Marine announces that a Japanese squadron was recently sent to the Mediterranean, and another is now operating in the South Atlantic.

The Japanese Navy is doing its best to assist the navies of the Allies.

INTERNAL CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

Geneva, Saturday.

A grave internal crisis, provoked by Hungarian political differences and the Italian victories, has rapidly developed in Austria-Hungary.

Great peace demonstrations are held daily in Vienna, at which Germany is invariably blamed for the continuance of the war.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALLIES.

German Discontent.

Rome, Saturday.

All the Allied Governments have telegraphed to the Italian Government their congratulations on the two recent brilliant victories.

The battle has retained its intensity on the whole of the front from Plava to the sea.

Zurich reports German discontent with the Austrian commanders, whose tactics have been proved to be inferior to those of General Cadorna.

FIGHTING MAC'S FRIEND.

MYSTERIOUS SCOT WHO TURNED FRENCHMAN.

GENTLEMAN, CARD-SHARPER, HERO, AND COWARD.

Extraordinary Career Ends on Western Battlefield.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

Somewhere in France, marked by a plain wooden cross, is the grave of "Jean Lestaire, simple soldat francais, tue en bataille, 19 Avril, 1917." With "Lestaire's" death the world has lost one of its most amazing personalities. He was a living paradox, a blend of all that was bad with much that was superlatively good. Associate of criminals and friend of great men like the late Lieut.-General Hector Macdonald and Sir George White. Gentleman and card-sharper, common thief, and uncommonly honest. Hero and abject coward. Without moral sense and yet capable of rising to sublime heights of moral grandeur. These are some of the mixed elements in the life of "Lestaire" that made him a fascinating study for the psychologist.

His name was not Lestaire, nor was it Lester, by which he was known for many years in England. He was not French. In justice to his family, to which he brought so much honour and disbonour, his real name cannot be disclosed. There is, however, no harm in saying that his claim to belong to a wealthy Scottish family may be accepted as correct. He was originally intended for the army, and entered one of the service colleges, only to be expelled at the age of eighteen for cheating at cards.

From that time he became a wanderer on the face of the earth. The United States, Canada, and South Africa were among the countries to shelter him. His pursuits were mainly criminal until the outbreak of the Boer War, when he enlisted in an irregular force and served with distinction. Three times at least he carried his life in his hands with important despatches for Sir George White shut up in Ladysmith, his great daring so impressing the latter that there sprung up between them a friendship which was proof against subsequent revelations of the depths to which Lester, as he was then known, could sink.

Proving himself more than a hero at Colenso and Spion Kop he was given a commission. Then followed a year of fine work which was repeatedly praised by Lord Roberts, and won for Lester the friendship of Lieutenant-General Hector MacDonald, a friendship which was continued down to the day of Macdonald's tragic death in Paris.

Dismissed the Service for Cowardice.

About a year later, while serving with the force under Lord Methuen, which was captured by the Boers, Lester had one of those moments of fear which come to the bravest of men, and abandoned a post under circumstances that justified the charge of abject cowardice brought against him. Through his failure at a critical moment Lord Methuen was taken prisoner. Lester was tried and dismissed the service in disgrace. Only the exceptional merit of his previous work and the intercession of powerful friends saved him from being shot.

He returned to this country, passing his days between London and Glasgow. His honest occupations ranged from bootblack to private secretary to a nobleman, his dishonest ones from three-card trickster to burglar. Through all these vicissitudes many of his better-known friends were faithful to him, Hector Macdonald in particular. After an unusually profuse sowing of wild oats in London, Lester was warned by the police that only immediate disappearance from the country could prevent his arrest

Lester disappeared in the underworld of crime for a time, turning up later as a soldier of the French Foreign Legion. After a brief service he was dismissed in disgrace under circumstances characteristic of the man's peculiar mentality. On a bitter cold night he waylaid and robbed a civilian, whom he left by the wayside unconscious. Later he returned to throw his cloak over the victim lest he should die from exposure, and was caught.

For a time he was lost. Then he turned up in the first Balkan war, fighting on the side of the Turks. At Adrianople he was wounded. Paris and its underworld claimed him until the outbreak of the present war, when he tried to enlist in the Legion again, but was refused on account of his previous record. Ultimately he was accepted for service with a territorial unit outside the war zone. He could not be happy there, and finally got a transfer in time to take part in the Marne battle, where he was wounded in carrying a comrade out of action.

Escaped From German Prison.

At Verdun he won the praise of his regimental commander for rallying a handful of men in time to stave off one of the German attacks on Fort Vaux. Severely wounded in that fight he was invalided out of the service. Five weeks later he enlisted in another regiment. One of his adventures was shared with Jean Julien Lemordant, the French painter. The latter, blinded in action, was taken prisoner, and placed with "Lestaire" and others for transport to Germany. There was an attempt to escape. "Lestaire" got away. Finding the blind artist had been left behind "Lestaire" went back for him and was captured. Three weeks in a German prison followed. He escaped and rejoined his regiment after eighteen days of adventure. The end came in the fighting around Rheims.

EX-LONDON POLICE INSPECTOR

MAKES DRAMATIC STATEMENT IN COURT.

"If I Die in Prison."

London, Saturday.

"If I die in prison, Sir A. Bodkin and the authorities will have murder on their heads," was the dramatic exclamation of ex-Inspector John Syme, at Bow Street Police Court, London, this afternoon.

Syme, aged forty-five, formerly an inspector of the Metropolitan Police Force, was brought up in custody before Sir John Dickenson to show cause why he should not be ordered to find sureties to abstain from conduct in violation of the law and in breach of the peace.

The accused was arrested on Wednesday morning last on his release from prison after serving six months' imprisonment in consequence of certain letters written to the Home Office authorities and his wife which contained threats to do some public outrage which would compel a public inquiry into certain grievances, even though the action he took cost him his life.

When placed in the dock again this morning the Magistrate asked Syme if he had further considered the matter, and he replied that he had, and said, in view of the position in which he (the Magistrate) was placed he recognised that he ought to give some explanation of his attitude and conduct to make the position of affairs quite clear.

The accused then proceeded to give long details of the campaign which he had been carrying on since he left the police force, and maintained that the Home Office and the Government had persistently used all their power and influence to prevent justice from being done. They did all they could to crush him, and had also victimised several of his friends in the police force.

Threatened Violence to Mr Churchill.

Sir Archibald Bodkin said it became necessary to put before the Court material for its guidance in imposing such terms as would safeguard the public from any violence which Syme meditated taking. This was the fourth time the accused had been brought before a Court, and on each occasion it was in connection with threatening letters. On the first occasion, which was in July, 1910, he was treated with the greatest consideration, and was put on his own recognisances until the following October.

In June, 1911, he wrote two letters threatening to murder Inspector Read, his superior officer, and also threatening violence to Mr Winston Churchill, and was committed for trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty, and his subsequent appeal was dismissed by the Court of Criminal Appeal.

In July, 1914, he was sentenced to six months at the Old Bailey, a subsequent appeal being dismissed. He then, at meetings in Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, and other places attacked Mr Justice Darling, who had tried the case, and renewed his charges against Sir Edward Henry and other officers at Scotland Yard. Last year he was proceeded against under the Defence of the Realm Act, and was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He appealed and, on giving an undertaking not to commit any breach of the regulations, he was liberated pending the appeal, but this he failed to do. It was entirely in the public interests, concluded Sir A. Bodkin, that this able but greviously misguided man should be prevented from further prosecuting his dangerous course of action.

Syme's Dramatic Remark.

Sir John Dickinson said he was quite satisfied that the authorities were actuated by every reasonable motive in taking the steps they had. The offence defendant was charged with was a very serious one, and he would require him to find two sureties of £100 each to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for twelve months, failing which he would have to go to prison for six months.

Syme said he could only repeat what he had already stated and that he would go to prison. "If I die there," he said, "Sir A. Bodkin and the authorities will have my murder on their heads."

The accused then left the dock.

NEW GERMAN REGULATIONS

For Hospital Ships At Sea.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin semi-official telegram refers to the German Government's memorandum dated January 29, 1917, concerning the alleged misuse of British hospital ships in the English Channel and the southern portion of the North Sea, and the British denial of the allegation quotes several cases which are regarded by the Germans as proving the incorrestness of the British denial.

The telegram says:—"As this practice, the misuse of hospital ships, is contrary to regulations, and is prejudicial to important military interests of Germany and her Allies, the German Government will in future prevent all traffic by hospital ships in the entire tarred zone and in the Mediterranean, including the route left open for Greece, and will regard enemy hospital ships appearing there as vessels of war, and attack them immediately

"Germany," the semi-official statement proceeds, "will allow the transport of sick and wounded from Salonika on Greek railways to Kalamata harbour, and from there by hospital ships to Gibraltar, on the following conditons:—That such hospital ships on the route left open for Greek shipping travel at a speed previously indicated to the German Government; that the name with the time of departure and arrival of the vessel be notified to the German Government six weeks in advance; that a representative of a neutral Government representing German interests in the particular enemy country concerned makes a declaration previous to the departure of the vessel that it is an hospital ship and only carried sick and wounded and nurses, and no cargo other than material for the use and treatment of sick and wounded."

NO PAUPERISM FOR FIGHTERS.

GOVERNMENT ALLOWANCE FOR DISABLED MEN.

Local Government Board,
Whitehall, 26th May, 1917.

Discharged disabled soldiers and sailors in Poor Law institutions.

The President of the Local Government Board draws the attention of the Board of Guardians to the provisions of the new Royal Warrant and Order in Council for the pensions of soldiers and sailors disabled in consequence of the present war.

Under the terms of the new Royal Warrant and Order in Council, in any case where it is certified by a medical board or medical officer appointed for the purpose that a disabled man, who is in receipt of a pension under the Warrant or Order in Council, should in consequence of his disablement undergo any special course of medical treatment or to be treated in or at a sanatorium, hospital, convalescent home, or other institution, and he is deemed unable in consequence to provide for his own support and that of his family, an allowance in lieu of pension of not less than 27s 6d a week, subject to a deduction for his maintenance if in an institution, may be made to the man, and in the case of a man whose treatment necessitates his living away from home, his wife will receive an amount not less than the pension and allowance for children to which she would have been entitled had she been a widow.

Any charges, fees, or expenses in respect of his treatment that are not otherwise provided for will be paid by the Minister of Pensions.

At the same time the local War Pensions Committees which have been established for each county and county borough, and for certain other areas, have been charged with the duty of making the necessary arrangements for institutional treatment for disabled men resident within their area.

In views of these provisions, says the President of the Local Government Board, no discharged, disabled man should in future be under the necessity of seeking Poor Law relief in a workhouse or infirmary in any case where the incapacity from which he is suffering is due to his disablement.

Arrangements are under consideration by which discharged men who are not entitled to a pension may be provided with institutional treatment in the event of such arrangements being made.

"THE BATTLE AT LOOS."

German Version of Local Raid.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

To-day's German official communique states:—

Army Group of Crown Prince Ruprecht.—The battle at Loos ended in the complete repulse of the enemy from our trenches.

Prisoners and machine guns remained in our hands.

As on the preceding days, the artillery fire on both banks of the Scarpe was lively.

Army Group of German Crown Prince.—On the Chemin des Dames, to the south of Pargaywe, we carried out an attack, with slight losses on our side, which considerably improved our positions.

In an energetic attack our storming troops, consisting of men from Silesia, Mecklenburg, Schleswig-Holstein, and the Hanse, took the enemy by surprise, and captured fourteen officers and 530 men, and took fifteen machine guns and much material.

A French counter-attack in the captured lines was easily repulsed.

In the western part of Champagne, after violent artillery activity, which increased in the afternoon to drum fire, strong attacks were delivered against our high positions to the south and south-east of Nauroy on a four-kilometre front.

The French troops were driven back after a hand-to-hand fight, and the points where they penetrated were cleared by a counter thrust.

After the failure of the first assault the enemy delivered two further attacks, which also failed.

Army Group of Duke Albrecht.—There is nothing new to report.

Yesterday the enemy lost twenty aeroplanes in numerous aerial engagements and one other machine was brought down by our anti-aircraft guns.

Lieutenant Allwenroeber brought down his nineteenth and twentieth opponents.

Eastern Theatre.—Between the Duena and the Beresina, as well as from the Zlocz ow-Torpopol railway to the Carpathian Foreland and in the frontier mountains of the Moldau, the artillery activity was more lively than usual owing to the clear weather.

Macedonian Front. — There were no events of importance.

LATEST WIRES.

The Serbian official communique states that on May 24 there was artillery activity and advanced element actions. Our aviators dropped forty bombs on Konopiste and also on the front.

The Bulgarian official communique issued last night states that between Lake Buthorst and Tahimos there was fairly considerable artillery fire, which at times became extremely violent.

According to the Turkish official communique issued last night two of their aviators landed with their machine near Salinore, 150 kilometers south-west of Gaza, and destroyed the telegraph lines and the enemy's water supply pipe.

At Blackburn yesterday the Northern Counties Textile Trades' Federation, representing 230,000 cotton weavers, who had applied for a twenty per cent. advance in wages, accepted the employers' offer of ten per cent., to date from July 1. Thus a cessation of work is averted.

Many Danish factories have been compelled to cease work owing to lack of coal, and thousands of workmen are out of employment.

GLASGOW TRAM DRAWING.

AMOUNTED TO A LOTTERY

LORD ADVOCATE'S VIEW.

Interview With Tramway Manager.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A communication received to-day by Sir John Lindsay, Town Clerk of Glasgow, states that in the Lord Advocate's view the prize-drawing scheme carried on by the Glasgow Corporation Tramways Department amounted to a lottery, and was struck at by the law.

The letter received by the Town Clerk was from the Under-Secretary for Scotland, and pointed out that the attention of the Lord Advocate had been directed to the question, and that he (the Lord Advocate) desired to know what the Corporation intended to do. Otherwise he would have to consider as to taking steps to stop the drawing.

Sir John Lindsay, seen to-night by a representative of the "Sunday Post" stated that he had replied that the matter would receive his immediate attention. Already he had communicated with the Lord Provost and Mr Dalrymple, and in all probability a meeting of the Tramways Committee would be called for next week.

It will be recalled that the legality of the Glasgow sweep was raised in the House of Commons on Monday, and since then there has been much speculation in various quarters as to whether action would be taken by the authorities.

Mr Dalrymple's Views.

Mr Dalrymple, the general manager of the tramways, interviewed to-night by a "Post Sunday Special" representative, did not know what would be done. He pointed out that he himself, and not the Corporation, was running the scheme, although the Corporation had not objected to it. To withdraw £1100 to £1300 a week from these necessary war charities, he pointed out, was rather a serious responsibility.

He had applications from over twenty funds for the help of the tramway scheme. These were the Blinded Soldiers' Fund, the Red Cross for assisting the horses at the front, the Comforts Funds of Highland regiments and their prisoners of war funds, and many others.

"I have prizes purchased," added Mr Dalrymple, "that will keep me going for at least six weeks, and I am quite prepared to go on. After all it was a scheme which had very little of the nature of gambling in it. I think that ninety per cent. of the people in Glasgow are in favour of it, judging by the way it is supported.

£20,000 Raised for War Funds.

"If people did not wish to have anything to do with the prizes they could put their tickets in the box for used car tickets. We have by the drawings raised over £20,000 for war funds, and I would be very sorry to see the scheme stopped. I think every endeavour should be made to legalise it for the time being."

The tickets will be on sale as usual on Monday. The drawings next week are for the Canadian Comforts Fund.

SOLDIER SON WOUNDED

On Way To Father's Deathbed.

Inveraray, Saturday.

An unfortunate experience befel Corporal Duncan Stewart, Argylls, who, in the trenches, received a telegram, that his father, Mr John Stewart, The Maitland, Inveraray, was on his deathbed. He asked for and received permission to go home and see his father, but just as he was preparing to leave the front lines he was seriously wounded in the neck by shrapnel and on the back by a bullet, and instead of reaching the deathbed of his old father, who had turned seventy, he was conveyed to hospital in Glasgow.

Mr Stewart was one of the most noted ploughmen in Argyllshire.

EXPENSIVE POTATOES.

Futile Raids on Helensburgh.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

It has been estimated that the North British steamer that plys between Greenock and Helensburgh scooped in close on £80 last Saturday from those in the hunt for potatoes, when for the sum of £2 all the potatoes could have been shipped across the water.

During the week small parties visited Helensburgh from Greenock in the quest for potatoes, but were doomed to disappointment, and another pilgrimage was made this week-end with the same result.

GLASGOW GIRL KILLED.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A fatal accident occurred this afternoon in Pollokshaws Road, the victim being Janet Drummond, the seven-year-old daughter of Robert Drummond, tailor, 54 Cromwell Road, Grosshill. The unfortunate girl was observed when running across Pollokshaws Road near Allison Street to pass behind a tramway car in front of a motor-car, which knocked her down.

The driver of the motor drew up at once. The girl was so seriously injured about the head that she died before the arrival of an ambulance waggon.

D.C.M. FOR GREENOCK SERGEANT.

Greenock, Saturday.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal has been won by Sergeant Allan M'Lean, R.A.M.C., who was one of the Greenock volunteers to go on active service during the Boer War. He was at Gallipoli, and has been for some time in France, where he gained distinction. Sergeant M'Lean is waiting for a commission in the infantry.

DARING EXPLOIT OF KIRKCALDY SOLDIER.

SURPRISE FOR GERMAN PATROL.

Kirkcaldy Saturday Night.

A gallant and daring exploit has gained the D.C.M. for a well-known Kirkcaldy soldier, Sergeant George Lindsay, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

A hidden enemy machine gun had been causing great trouble to the battalion, and Sergeant Lindsay crept out across No Man's Land in the darkness of the night to reconnoitre the position, along with an officer. Both carried revolvers, and the sergeant also carried two bombs.

Suddenly they ran right into a strong German patrol. Without hesitation they gave battle. Throwing his bombs among the enemy and blazing away with his revolver, Sergeant Lindsay killed one German and wounded several others, while his officer as promptly used his weapon and brought down two of the enemy. What was left of the patrol took to their heels and disappeared in the darkness, while the hidden machine gun commenced to bark, sufficiently disclosing its position to enable the British guns to deluge it with shells.

Sergeant Lindsay is very modest about it. In a letter to his wife, who resides at 16 Burleigh Street, Kirkcaldy, he apologetically remarks:—"I am in for the D.C.M." He will be remembered as the stalwart attendant at the Corn Exchange Picture Pavilion.

While serving with the K.O.S.B. he was buried alive by a shell eighteen months ago, and so severely wounded that he was seven months in hospital. On recovering he was transferred to the K.O.Y.L.I., and was promoted sergeant on the field.

WHEN THE HEROES RETURN.

LORD STRATHCLYDE AND VETERANS' SETTLEMENT.

Falkirk, Saturday.

Lord Strathclyde spoke at a dramatic recital given in Falkirk this afternoon, under the auspices of Falkirk and District Church Union, in aid of funds for a local settlement of the Veterans' Garden City Association.

His Lordship said he was afraid the Scottish people, canny folks as they were, had been a little neglectful of those who had gone forth to battle, but he hoped they would never make that mistake again. They must do all they could to see that the heroic men who had sacrificed everything wanted for nothing people could give them to make their future life happy, comfortable, and useful. The Scottish Veterans' Associaton had not been behind in organisation. They had divided Scotland into regimental districts and presented more opportunity to patriotic people of showing that they had not forgotten the undying sacrifices of heroic men. The purpose of the association was one of the best that could be devised.

STEWARD'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr Daniel Taylor, steward, 33 Copland Road, Glasgow, who was rescued from the Transylvania, states that the second torpedo passed within a foot of the lifeboat in which he was seated.

ABERDEEN'S BIG SUM

For Scottish Maimed Heroes.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

Between £400 and £500 was the sum collected to-day in Aberdeen city by a flag day on behalf of the Princess Louise Scottish Hospital for Limbless Soldiers and Sailors.

The ward with the highest total was Rubislaw, which was £103 8s 8d. The arrangements were admirably supervised by the honorary secretary, Mr T. Walker Hector, advocate, Aberdeen.

STEELWORKER KILLED AT CAMBUSLANG.

Cambuslang, Saturday.

A shocking fatality occurred at the Hillside Works of the Steel Company of Scotland, Ltd., the victim being Edward Gorman, sixty-one years of age, who resided in lodgings with Mrs M'Ardle, at Westburn Rows, Cambuslang. Gorman was at work in the melting shop department when he was struck and crushed by a huge steel ingot, which inflicted terrible injuries. Death was almost instantaneous.

MISSING GIRL MYSTERY.

CLYDEBANK WORKER DISAPPEARS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

WALKED IN HER SLEEP.

Margaret Main.

Clydebank, Saturday Night.

At a late hour to-night the mystery of the strange disappearance in broad daylight of a Singer's factory worker, Margaret Main, still awaits solution.

Every conceivable theory has been tested and found futile, and to-night the mystery is still as baffling and as hopeless as ever. There has been no word of Margaret since she was seen and spoken to at one o'clock on Friday week in Kilbowie Road, after leaving her lodgings at 105 Glasgow Road, to proceed to her work.

Not a sign nor a symbol has the canal given, and it was thought that had she found a last resting-place in its waters some trace of her would have been recovered ere this. Her friends are hopelessly puzzled, and her workmates of the factory can make nothing of the strange case.

A Somnambulist Fall.

Margaret Main was a comely young woman of twenty-five years, who came from Leith in November last to work in the Singer Factory. Her bright, cheery disposition had made her a general favourite in the factory, and her landlady, Mrs Jamieson, 105 Glasgow Road, Clydebank, speaks of her as an exemplary girl.

About five o'clock on Friday morning last, hearing a noise in Maggie's room, Mrs Jamieson entered, and found that the girl who occasionally had walked in her sleep, had fallen while in a state of somnambulism. The girl treated the matter lightly, and assured her landlady that she was all right. She had a cup of tea and returned to bed, and did not go to her work that morning. In the forenoon, however, she sat reading a book before the fire, and laughing and chatting about the events of the morning. Mrs Jamieson left her later to go downstairs to an adjacent shop where her daughter works, and shortly before one o'clock Maggie came into the shop, and said she was going to her work.

She seemed to be in her good health and spirits, and gave no hint that she had anything on her mind. Beyond a few coppers to buy a bun at the tea hour—she was in the habit of working late on Friday nights—the girl had no money in her possession, and she wore only her ordinary working clothes. That was the last Mrs Jamieson saw of her, but a shopgirl who knew her saw her passing up Kilbowie Road, and asked her whether she was going to her work. Maggie turned round and smiled, and walked on into oblivion. From that moment all trace of her is lost, and the most diligent inquiries have failed to throw any light on her whereabouts.

Passed From Human Ken.

She never reached the factory, never returned to her lodgings, never communicated with her friends, never gave a sign as to what had become of her. Mrs Jamieson went to the factory on Saturday to see whether she had lifted her wages, but she had made no attempt to do so. From that moment in Kilbowie Road she has passed from human ken.

To get to her work Maggie had to cross the canal at Kilbowie Bridge, but at that hour of the day there is considerable traffic on the bridge, and on both pathways leading east and west along the canal the police are not inclined to accept the theory that the canal holds the solution of the mystery, the more so as neither a hat, coat, nor any other article has yet been found to point to such a probability.

In the Rathe Train Disaster.

Miss Main was in the Rathe train smash some time ago, and on that occasion she suffered severely from shock, and was quite unable to recall what had happened. Her friends, therefore, think it possible that her fall on Friday morning may in some way have affected her memory, and that she may have wandered up into the country and be unable to give an account of herself.

THREATENED BAKERS' STRIKE AT PERTH.

Perth, Saturday.

Perth operative bakers to-day handed in their strike notices, no settlement having been arrived at in connection with the wages dispute. The employees have demanded an increase of seven shillings per week on their present rate of wages, and this the masters refused, although an offer of four shillings was made. The men declined this offer. The notice states that unless the demands are conceded the men will cease work in a week, and as the masters express their determination to fight the Fair City is threatened with a bread famine at an early date.

A SHORT-LIVED STRIKE.

GLASGOW MUNITION WORKERS TO RESUME ON MONDAY.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The women munition workers in a Renfrewshire factory who stopped work yesterday afternoon decided to-day at a meeting in Glasgow Green to resume work on Monday, the management of the works agreeing to their wages claim being the subject of arbitration proceedings.

The girls made matters hum on returning to the city last evening, the scenes at the Central Station being of a lively description. This morning they again gathered at the station, but marched to George Square. Precluded from meeting there, they ultimately gathered at Glasgow Green. With the heat several girls fainted in the crush.

By a happy idea, the girls, instead of proceeding to the factory for their wages, were paid at St Andrew's Halls this evening. This was done in orderly fashion from five to eight o'clock. Those who did not receive their wages will be paid at the factory at ten o'clock on Monday.

The workers' trains will run as usual on Monday morning.

MISSING OVER A YEAR.

BODY FOUND IN CLYDE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The Lanarkshire Police have now ascertained that the body of the old man found in the River Clyde at Carmyle was that of George Hughes (65), who lived with his son at Front Row, Glengarnock, Ayrshire.

The deceased, who was in feeble health, had disappeared from his home on 31st March of last year, and he was last seen alive at Eastfield, Rutherglen, the day after. His wife had died since his disappearance. It is believed his body had been in the bed of the river, partly buried under the silting sand, for the greater part of the year.

LABOURISTS AND REPRESENTATION OF LANARKSHIRE.

Mr John Robertson as Candidate.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

Addressing a meeting of Coatbridge miners last night, Mr Duncan Graham, the Scottish miners' political organiser, stated that Mr John Robertson would be the Labour candidate for the representation of North-East Lanark, and though a candidate had not yet been selected for North-West Lanark, there was every probability, when the war was over, that the Labour party would find it convenient to put a man in the field there also.

He commented on the fact that women of thirty years of age and upwards would have the vote, and he contended that when youths of eighteen were called upon to fight for their country they should also be given the franchise at that age, not only for Parliamentary, but for municipal, county, and School Board purposes.

CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE TRANSYLVANIA.

Mr Alexander Denholm, chief engineer of the Transylvania, who escaped after very trying experiences, said that the explosion of the torpedo made a hole in the ship that a tramcar could be run through. Mr Denholm pays high tribute to the dauntless bravery of the women on the sinking liner. He resides at Airlie Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow.

SCOTTISH SECRETARY AND INFANTILE MORTALITY.

Wastage of Life Must Be Made Good.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

The Secretary for Scotland, the Right Hon. Robert Munro, opening a Child Welfare Exhibition in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, this afternoon, said the prevention of infantile mortality was of tremendously more importance now than it was in pre-war times, though even then it was an urgent problem.

The wastage of human life had to be made good, and the more inevitable the destruction of human life the more urgent was the duty to preserve human life. That was a duty which they owed to the State, to the Empire, and to the race.

Lord Haldane, speaking at Aberdeen yesterday, remarked that the root problem of labour was dullness and monotony in labour.

LATEST NEWS

IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

The late Mr John A. Harvie Brown, of Dunipace, the eminent naturalist, has left £200 to Denny Cottage Hospital.

Several of the Hamilton clergymen have arranged to give part time clerical service to the military authorities at Hamilton Barracks.

Private Eddie M'Intyre, Royal Dragoons, fifth son of the late Mr John M'Intyre, coachman, 71 Main Street, Bridgend, Perth, has been killed in action.

Yesterday afternoon ex-Provost John Orr, J.P., chairman of the Congregational Union of Scotland, opened a sale of work in aid of Park Congregational Church, Airdrie.

Second-Lieutenant Wm. Clark, who has been killed in France, was a popular member of the Port-Glasgow teaching profession, and an active figure in Masonic circles.

It is twenty-two years since the Quarter Pit Denny Disaster occurred. The beneficiaries now number only two, and the funds on hand amount to £138 12s. The explosion caused thirteen deaths.

The appeal made by Lord Inverclyde on behalf of the new Cadet units being formed in the County of Dumbarton, for funds to assist in clothing and equipping, has yielded the splendid sum of £666 4s.

Yesterday 300 Cambuslang orphans participated in a free excursion to Balloch. The promoter of the outing was Mr James R. Brown, manager of the contract department of the National Telephones, Glasgow.

Mrs J. Hannah, Kildare, Heugh Street, Falkirk, has been informed that she will receive the Military Medal which had been won by her son, Private David Hannah, A. and S.H., who died from wounds last month.

Intimation has reached Cambuslang that the Rev. George Galbraith has been appointed an army chaplain, with the rank of captain. The reverend gentleman served for five years as a curate at St Bride's, Cambuslang.

While James Blair (15), residing at 46 Robson Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, was feeding an electric mincing machine yesterday he allowed his hand to be drawn in. At the Victoria Infirmary it was feared the limb would require to be amputated.

It was rumoured yesterday that two Hamilton soldiers, Private David Lees, Gordon Highlanders, and Private Thomas Hailstones, Black Watch, had been awarded the Military Medal. Lees belongs to Eddlewood district, and Hailstones to Burnbank.

Second-Lieutenant W. S. Gavin, Royal Scots, has been awarded the Military Cross. He is the only son of the late Charles and Mrs Gavin, Laverockbank Road, Leith, and was a member of the 1st Leith (North Leith Parish Church) Company, the Boys' Brigade.

Meritorious service has won the Military Medal for Private James Jack, Royal Scots. The soldier's wife and family live at Redding Row, Redding, and before joining the colours Private Jack was employed at Meadowbank Colliery, belonging to Messrs James Nimmo & Co.

Second-Lieutenant John M'Phail M'Donald, Scottish Rifles, only son of Mr and Mrs Alexander M'Donald, 5 Rosslyn Place, Perth, has been awarded the Military Cross. Before entering upon a military career he was employed with Messrs Greenlees & Lambie, manufacturers, Glasgow.

Three soldiers belonging to the Irvine Valley, who have just been officially reported killed in action, are:—Private Andrew Dunlop, Camerons, 12 Blair Street, Galston; Private Adam T. Robertson, Lovat Scouts, 23 Campbell Street, Newmilns; and Private David Gilmour, Royal Scots, 15 Back Street, Newmilns.

Mrs Anderson, Chapel Street, Alyth, received a letter from her husband's staff captain yesterday, stating that her husband, Robert Anderson, Black Watch, Salonika force, had been killed by a shell. Robert Anderson was on the postal staff at Alyth. He was an old soldier, who volunteered when war broke out.

The school children of St Mary's, Alexandria, met in the school, and presented the Rev. Father Walshe with an illuminated address and a well-filled purse of money on the occasion of his leaving the Vale of Leven to be a chaplain with the forces. He is the third assistant priest from St Mary's that has taken up a chaplaincy.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the memorable miners' strike at Rosehall, and in recognition of their services in establishing a branch of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union there, Mr John Robertson, county agent, Hamilton, and Mr Paul M'Kenna, local agent, have each been presented by the miners with a gold watch, suitably inscribed.

PAISLEY FAIR FIXED.

Mills to Close in August.

Paisley, Saturday Night.

This year, as in last, the problem of the Paisley Fair Holidays is likely to be solved by the great thread mills of Messrs J. & P. Coats.

To avoid the disappointment and delays which attended the holidays last year the Town Council have provisionally suggested that the vacation should this year again be held in Steptember.

Notices posted this morning at the Anchor Thread Mills, Eastend, and the Ferguslie Thread Mills, Westend, settles the question. Both mills, the notices state, will stop at six p.m. on Wednesday, 8th August, for the annual holidays, and will resume on Tuesday, the 21st August at ten a.m.

At their first public meeting the Town Council will probably withdraw their provisional arrangement, and fix the Fair Holidays in August, which affect about 12,000 millworkers, the employers of every industry, and the majority of the households in Paisley.

WIFE WHO WENT OFF WITH LODGER.

EX-COAL MERCHANT'S "WIFE" IN LONDON.

A HUSBAND TRACED TO ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

When Alex. Mather Stewart came home one night he discovered that his wife and a lodger, whom he had taken in because he knew him, were off together.

To-day Lord Anderson heard evidence in an action for divorce at the instance of Stewart, who is a motor driver residing at Stow Street, Paisley, against Margaret Young Smith or Stewart, otherwise known as Shields, 364 South Wellington Street, Glasgow, and Robert Houston Shields, carter, at the same address.

Pursuer (35) stated that he was married in February, 1910. Three children had been born of the marriage, one of whom was alive—a boy, born in January, 1912. Pursuer now had the custody of that boy. While living in Cotton Street, Paisley, Shields came to live in the house with them. Pursuer knew him, and Shields asked him to give him lodgings. The co-defender lived with them from December, 1914, till 11th January, 1915, when he and his wife left the house. When he came home at night pursuer found they were gone, and had taken the child with them.

After inquiry, he discovered they were living in a house in Dalmarnock Road, Glasgow. He went and saw his wife there, and she told him herself she was living with Shields. He took his little boy away with him. Defender at that meeting told pursuer she intended to remain with co-defender. He had never seen her since, but he heard that she had given birth to two children, which were registered in the name of Shields. His sister had called to obtain the birth certificate of his boy, and the following day defender sent to her along with this a written confession that she was staying with Shields as his wife. In the letter accompanying the papers she said—"I hope you will all try to forgive me through time, for I have done most harm to myself and my poor little children."

Lord Anderson granted decree, with expenses.

HAD ANOTHER "WIFE" IN LONDON.

After discovering that her husband had been living with another woman as his wife in London, Mary Kinnmonth or Donaldson, Lothriebank, Kirkcaldy, to-day sued for divorce against her husband, Edwin Barclay Donaldson, formerly residing in Ardrossan and at various addresses in Glasgow, and thereafter at 15 Albany Street, Regent Park, London, S.W., and who is at present in the Army Service Corps.

Pursuer (31) stated that she was married in April, 1905, by declaration before the Sheriff. There was one child of the marriage. Defender was in the coal trade, but in 1906 the business was sequestrated. Defender had given way to intemperance, and was not looking after his business. He was also neglectful of pursuer, and he was sometimes very violent, and she finally went to live with her mother in November, 1907. She heard in 1909 that defender had gone to London

A witness from London stated that in the beginning of December, 1914, a woman came to her house in Albany Street, Regent Park, and looked at one of her rooms. She returned shortly afterwards with a man, whom she said was her husband. They paid a deposit, and took the room. The woman stayed until March, 1916, and the man until he joined up in August, 1916. The woman left because there was some bother about her work outside, and there was a quarrel, with the result that she found out that the woman was not the man's wife. Witness told him she would have to go. The man was identified from a photograph as the defender.

Lord Anderson granted decree of divorce, with the custody of the child and aliment at the rate of 5s a week, and expenses.

STOPPED ALIMENT AND DISAPPEARED.

Desertion was the ground of an action for divorce which Elizabeth Hancock Watson or Coulter, 50 Chambers Street, Dunfermline, raised to-day against James Coulter, a private in the Army Service Corps, whose address to the pursuer is unknown.

Pursuer (44) stated that she was married in September, 1898. There was one child of the marriage. Her husband was a waiter in the Caledonian University Service Club, Edinburgh. Very soon after the marriage he commenced to ill-treat her, and assaulted her several times. On account of his conduct she had to leave him once or twice. His conduct became so bad she had to consult a solicitor in Dunfermline.

Defender promised to reform, but in August, 1909, she had to separate from him again, and claimed aliment from him. He paid her 5s a week until 6th May, 1910. She ascertained that he had left Dunfermline, but could not find where he had gone until war broke out. She thought perhaps he would have enlisted, and made inquiries. She received a reply from Hamilton declining to give her husband's address, but stated that he had re-enlisted. This communication also showed that defender had been asked to allot his pension, but had refused to do so.

Her agent had communicated with the War Office and ascertained that he was in the Army Service Corps. She got no separation allowance because she was separated from her husband before war broke out.

Lord Anderson granted decree, with expenses.

In Edinburgh yesterday afternoon Lady Berry presented the prizes in connection with the annual essay competition of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

MINERS BESIEGE UNION OFFICES.

EXCITEMENT OVER NEW ORDER IN HAMILTON.

MEN INADVERTENTLY CALLED UP.

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

Something approaching a panic has been created amongst hundreds of miners throughout Lanarkshire who have been called to the colours by the military authorities. Amongst the men there is much uncertainty as to their position in respect of these calling-up notices, and this forenoon the headquarters of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union in Hamilton were besieged by miners anxious to hear an authoritative pronouncement on the point.

Delegates were present from all over Lanarkshire attending the monthly conference of the Union this morning, and the majority of these representatives brought with them the calling-up notices in respect of miners in the various districts. In addition, scores of the men so affected turned up at the Union offices, and altogether a scene of unusual animation was witnessed for some hours to-day.

Mr John Robertson, Hamilton, who is the Union's acknowledged authority on recruiting, interviewed the bands of anxious inquirers in his own room at headquarters.

Many Called Up Inadvertently.

He explained that through inadvertence a considerable number of miners who held exemption cards from the Colliery Tribunals had received calling-up notices. His advice to such men was to notify the military authorities of the specific numbers of the cards they held.

Mr Robertson, who is a member of the Colliery Tribunal for Lanarkshire, further explained to his numerous inquirers to-day wherein the proposed new "comb-out" of miners differed from anything that has hitherto preceded it.

Prior to the recent campaign for the voluntary enlistment of miners, the authorities only called for the transference into the army of single men in Class A category who had entered the mines since August, 1915. The new order affecting miners is infinitely more drastic.

Men of military age are not to be exempted if they have entered the pits since August, 1914—since, in fact, the commencement of the war—while those individuals classified in categories B and C, in addition to A, are liable for military service.

There is much excitement amongst the miners over the terms of the new Orders, and the tension has been aggravated by the fact that bona-fide miners have, through an unfortunate mistake, been called up. Mr Robertson is, however, quite sanguine that the position of the bona-fide miners will be completely safeguarded.

RAILWAY THIEVING AT PERTH.

657 LBS. SUGAR: 125 LBS. OATMEAL.

Perth, Saturday.

An extraordinary case of railway thieving came before Sheriff Sym at Perth Sheriff Court to-day, when William Johnstone, engine-kindler, 1 Alexandra Street, Perth, pleaded guilty to seven different charges of theft from Perth Railway Station, the goods involved amounting to between £50 and £60 in value.

Johnstone has been with the Caledonian Railway Company eighteen years, and is a married man with a family of ten. He had cultivated a workman's garden, and had a shed adjoining, which facilitated the thefts.

The Fiscal said 657 pounds of sugar and 125 pounds of oatmeal had been found in the man's house. During the last two years the Caledonian Railway Company had paid in claims for lost and stolen goods £4291.

Sheriff Sym said it was a very bad case, and imposed sentence of nine months' imprisonment.

DEAR BREAD IN ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

A largely-attended meeting of the Aberdeen Master Bakers' Association was held this afternoon in Trinity Hall to consider a couple of communications from the Ministry of Food. The first letter informed the association that several bakers in Aberdeen were charging 1s 2d per quartern loaf, requiring the association to furnish the Ministry of Food with the fullest particulars in regard to the matter, as any price exceeding 1s was considered by them unjustifiable.

The second letter was a circular letter to the effect that it was evidently the practice of several bakers to use more than the permitted admixture of imported or old standard flour. In certain districts this led to unfair competition, the frequent plea being that home millers' flour was unobtainable.

The association was informed that this excuse could not be accepted, and that they must not depart from the law. It was the opinion of the Ministry of Food that the supply was daily improving, and that any difficulty in obtaining their requirements could best be overcome by the bakers going somewhat further afield, even if at a greater charge for carriage.

Considerable discussion took place on the two letters, and the secretary was instructed to furnish the full particulars desired.

HELENSBURGH OFFICER ON THE CAMERONIA.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

Lieutenant W. D. Ritchie, M.A., attached to one of the Highland regiments on board the ill-fated Cameronia, was amongst those saved after being torpedoed in the Eastern Mediterranean on the 15th April. Lieut. Ritchie was the English master in the Hermitage Higher Grade School before joining up as an officer a few months ago.

It is reported that the gallant lieutenant displayed great coolness, and was one of the last to leave the vessel.

HID DEAD CHILD IN COAL BUNKER.

PAINFUL CASE IN DUNDEE COURT.

Dundee, Saturday.

The sequel to a gruesome discovery of the body of a child in a bunker in a Dundee dwelling-house was heard before Sheriff Neish at Dundee to-day.

Julia Finnie or Robertson, 75 Rosebank Street, pleaded guilty to charges of child neglect, a contravention of Registration Acts, and fraud.

The Procurator-Fiscal stated that accused had kept her two children in a dirty condition, and failed to provide them with proper food and body clothes. The second charge was that of hiding the body of her dead child in a coal bunker, and failing to notify its death to the proper authorities. The third charge was that her husband, being a soldier, she continued to draw dependent's allowance for the child after its death.

Mr A. D. R. Fettes, Dundee, speaking on accused's behalf, stated that her mind had been unhinged as the result of an accident sustained two years ago.

Sheriff Neish passed sentence of three months' imprisonment.

IMPORTANT MILITARY SERVICE CASE.

CAN A MAN APPEAL AT TWO TRIBUNALS?

Airdrie, Saturday.

An important point was raised in the Airdrie Burgh Court to-day—Bailie Armour on the Bench—as to whether it is competent to arrest a man for failing to report under the Military Service Act while his appeal is still before a Tribunal.

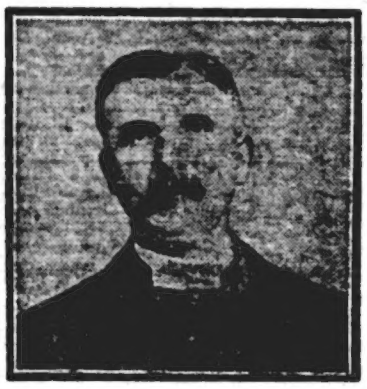
Charles Holland, inspector of the Transport and Tramways Coy., now residing at 11 Craig Street, Airdrie, was charged with being deemed to have enlisted and to have been called up for military service at Ayr on 21st May, and having failed to do so. He pleaded not guilty.

Mr James A. Reid, solicitor, said that it was not a question of fact that arose in this case, but of law—viz., as to whether the Tribunal at Ayr had yet disposed of an application which accused had made there for exemption. Accused had since been transferred from the Ayr district to Coatbridge, and before removing his application had been lodged in the Ayr district. In consequence of his removal to Coatbridge the Appeal Court in Ayr had not disposed of the application on the merits. He, therefore, contended that the accused could not be deemed an absentee until the Coatbridge Tribunal, with whom the appeal had now been lodged, had disposed of it.

The Fiscal, Mr T. Forsyth, said his information was that accused's application was fully heard and disposed of in the Ayr Tribunal, and accused, having been duly called to join the colours, he had no other answer to the complaint than that of attending for military service. The Court, he said, had nothing to do with any question that may have been raised in the case before the Coatbridge Tribunal.

The Magistrate continued the case till Thursday for proof, and particularly as to the decision of the Ayr Tribunal.

HIGHLAND MINISTER FOR THE FRONT.



The Rev. Coll A. Macdonald, B.D., minister of Logierait, has just paid a brief visit to the parish prior to his departure for France. Mr Macdonald was appointed to an army chaplaincy early in January of this year, and since then has been attached to the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

A typical Highlander, with a fine, open manner, he is popular with all ranks.

PERTH TEACHERS AND WAR FUND.

Perth, Saturday.

The annual general meeting of the Perthshire Branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland was held at Perth to-day—Mr Wm. Sprunt, Murthly, the president, in the chair. Mr Hugh Leslie, Perth, reported that during the past year there had been directly contributed to the Teachers' War Relief Fund £204, and from the Ladies' Fund £105 18s, a total of £309 18s. Mr John Purdie, Birnam, reported that the membership of the branch was 375. Of the 73 Boards in the county 68 had done something in the way of war bonus, and five nothing. The sums granted varied elected as follows:—President, Mr Wm. Struthers, M.A., Meigle; vice-president, Mr D. Walker, Perth, and Mr Law, Stanley; secretary, Mr John Purdie, Birnam; treasurer, Mr Hugh Leslie, Perth.

U.F. CHURCH AND REPRISALS.

"AN ABOMINABLE THING."

DIMMING THE GLORY OF FINAL VICTORY.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

The United Free Church Assembly to-day had an interesting discussion regarding reprisals, which arose through an overture to the Assembly signed by seventeen members, whose view was that such reprisals as the air raid on Freiburg was a repudiation of the best traditions of our country and in manifest conflict with the principle of that Christian morality for which the Church was called to stand. They called on the Assembly to protest against the Freiburg raid and the policy therein embodied.

The Rev. Dr Henderson, Crieff, explained for the overturists that they did not deal with reprisals in combatant service, but they regretted that we should be in any way compromised by the bombardment of Freiburg, an undefended town, because the enemy had attacked some of our undefended towns.

A Sort of Treachery.

What was the defence of the Government in the matter of Freiburg? asked Dr Forrest. They said Freiburg was not a vindictive or punitive attack, but one intended to deter the Germans from future crimes. It was meant to be a measure for the protection of our own pepole. Lord Curzon and Lord Milner took the view that the attack was perfectly justified. But the result of this course of action would be exactly the reverse of what was expected. The effect of the air raids on Britain had been simply to fill the people with indignation and to stiffen their resolve. The Germans had just the same grit in them as the British people had. The policy of reprisals would inflame them with a determination never to yield.

Britain could not now commit herself to a course of frightfulness which she had so often denounced. The direct object of the raid on Freiburg was the killing of civilians —(" No, no ")—the killing of civilians who were taking no part in the war. (" No, no.") To drop bombs on men in their beds or on the streets was an abominable thing. Action of that kind was a sort of treachery, a stab in the back, and resort to such raids would go far to dim the glory of final victory. (Applause.)

Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, Edinburgh, who seconded, said the Government had asked for an expression of the opinion of the country on these reprisals, and the Church ought to voice its opinion. He did not believe that the enemy would care in the slightest degree for anything we could do to poor helpless non-combatants; they had no thought except for military advantage. He regarded such reprisals as inconsistent with the cause on which we had embarked and with Christian principles.

A Glasgow Elder's Point.

Dr W. S. Workman, a Glasgow elder, said he did not think this country had ever sanctioned attacks on non-combatants. It was distinctly stated that the attack was made upon an aerodrome in the suburbs of Freiburg. (Applause.)

A member remarked that non-combatants were killed.

Dr Workman said that was accidental.

The motion was adopted unanimously.

WORKERS' HOUSES AT ROSYTH

CRITICISED AT EDINBURGH CONFERENCE.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Some plain speaking on the housing question, particularly regarding the houses erected for workers at Rosyth, was heard this evening in Edinburgh at the Conference under the auspices of the Scottish Labour Housing Association. Mr Andrew Eunson, president of the Edinburgh Trades Council, occupied the chair.

Mr Robert Allan said they would have to see that the houses built in future were up to a certain standard. A well-known official in Edinburgh had described some of the houses at Rosyth as being suggestive of "bird cages." The doors and windows were so narrow that some of the workers from England had actually to cut their furniture up before they could get it into the houses. (Laughter.)

County Councillor Sullivan, Lanarkshire, said that after the war houses could not be built at the old rates, and public authorities should be compelled to build. The workers ought to impress upon the Government the necessity of giving grants, free of interest. People would not be able to pay the high price of houses after the war unless rents were kept down by having houses built with the assistance of Government grants.

Councillor Graham, Edinburgh, said that, with the half of Europe to reconstruct after the war, there would not likely be any appreciable fall in the price of building material.

On the proposal of Mr Tom Hamilton, organiser of the Workers' Union, seconded by Councillor Graham, the Conference decided to form in Edinburgh a branch of the Scottish Labour Housing Association.

PROMINENT DUMFRIES FREEMASON DIES.

Dumfries, Saturday.

The death took place to-day of Mr William A. Dinwiddie, manufacturer, Dumfries, a well-known and highly-respected public man.

He was a prominent Freemason, and held the office for two terms of Provincial Grand Master of Dumfriesshire. He was a member of Dumfries School Board for many years, and Chairman of the local Liberal Association, a Justice of the Peace for Dumfriesshire and also the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Deceased was eighty years of age and unmarried.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

Exclusively Contributed.

(By "Post" Special Wire).

London, Saturday Night.

THE mortality list disclosed by the official account of the latest air raid by the Huns is accountable for a new wave of contempt in London. Since we read the stories of the devastation done by the retiring Germans in Picardy at the end of February nothing has happened to stir the feelings of the Southern Briton like this hail of bombs upon the Kent Coast.

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The whole question of reprisals comes up for consideration again. The aerial raid upon Freiburg is fresh in everybody's mind, and men are reminding one another that the policy initiated by that raid has not been followed up. "We are like the expert forger who passed a cheque for half a guinea, and served two years for it," said a man at the Savoy bar yesterday. He hit off the feeling of the man in the street about raids and reprisals.

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A new arrival in London is Dr Tramvitch, the President of the Yugo Slav Committee. He comes at a time when the hopes of the non-German constituants of the Austro-Hungarian Empire are running very high. And it would be as foolish to underrate the importance of his presence here as it would be imprudent to emphasise it.

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Before he left Eastern Europe the fall of Count Tisza was decided. The lack of understanding with this country of Austro-Hungarian politics and tendencies has resulted in our overlooking an event comparable only in the history of the German Empire to the dismissal of a man like Bethmann Hollweg or Hindenburg himself. Count Tisza is a man more guilty of the great European war than any other person outside Prussia. It is a portent that new influences have swept him aside from the place he held in the Austro-Hungary of the last reign.

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Copies of the last number of the Zukunft, Maximilian Harden's clever paper, are cropping up everywhere in London. The issue contains an extraordinary article insisting upon the importance of America's part in the war from the practical point of view. The article is sound, and has its common-sense appeal, but, like much of the matter which is allowed to be published in the German papers at the present time, must necessarily be suspect. How so many copies of Zukunft have been sent to London is a matter no man can explain, but if Harden is flying a kite for the German Chancellor, it is not the first time he has done so.

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Some excitable folk are very angry now at the reassuring speech of the Prime Minister on the subject of the submarine danger. It has been well understood for more than a fortnight now that the cost in submarines, the material and moral of the sinking of a British merchantman, is daily increasing. If London feeling is any guide, the nation, while pausing for a day's hard-earned rest, is grateful to the Premier for a word or two which will add zest to the holiday.

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In one of the foreign quarters of London yesterday I saw a queer thing, and a sad one. Outside a baker's shop were gathered thirty or forty Jewish women of the poorer class, and each one had a dish holding unbaked loaves of unleavened bread. The baker, who had promised to take them in and bake them, was not keeping his word, and with every minute the unbaked loaves were spoiling. Just what the daughters of Judah said about the tradesman I cannot put into English, but my sympathy was entirely theirs.

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People who are making profits out of the necessities of the soldiers' wives and children are shuttlecocking the blame for the weekly rises in food prices. In the case of meat the abnormal profits made are shared equally by wholesaler, auctioneer, and retailer, and that in spite of the efforts of an Advisory Committee of the Board of Trade, which for over two years succeeded in keeping prices within reason.

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Battersea and Burns are names still inseparable. Since the beginning of the war Battersea has been asking insistent questions about Mr John Burns, junior; questions to which the oracular parent of that youth returned no answer. The appearance of the tall, fair lad, spurred, booted, kakhi-clad, and bronzed from active campaigning has cleared the air about Clapham Common most wholesomely, and the odds against a continuation of the old connection after next election have decreased enormously.

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Talk of Ministerial resignations is persistent. Among the names mentioned are some of the prominent Labour section of the Government. The Labour situation is eased rather than settled by the truce of a week ago, but many difficulties are still existing largely owing to the folly of a section of employers.

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The retirement of the Speaker at the end of the current session is also spoken of as a very probable event. Mr Lowther has now occupied the post for twelve years and is certainly well entitled to the pension and the peerage which lie at the end of such splendid service.

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The lost Enemy Princes Bill has been found. It has gone before the Judicial Committee for inquiry and report, which is likely to hold it up for some time. Then it must lie on the table for forty days to give the enemy Princes a chance of defending themselves. In the end it will be sent to the King, with a formal prayer that steps shall be taken to relieve these traitors of the honours and emoluments they hold in the long-suffering country. No wonder the ordinary man gets a little impatient over such scandals as these.

SECRETS OF THE TEUTON ADMIRALTY—REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

An Incognito Visit to the Enemy Fleet and Naval Harbours.

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

Admiral von Capelle, Tirpitz' successor.

"WE are not going to take any chances with our fleet."

How often I heard that statement during the months I spent in Germany.

You may listen to all the eulogies, promises, prophecies about "Unsere wunderbare Flotte ("our wonderful Fleet") but you had better refrain from asking any questions about it. It may cost you your liberty if you do.

Suppose you ask a German an imprudent question about the navy. If you are lucky he will refer you to the German Admiralty; if you are unlucky, you will probably be the guest of the Government the next day, if not sooner. If you take his advice and go to the Admiralty, they usually see you coming. Oh! the many, many hours I have spent trying to reach the vitals of that palatial edifice, so symbolic of the organisation it directs. It is spick and span and brand new, no old ramshackle building, with partitioned rooms in all sorts of corners and corridors, such as I found in the War Office on the Leipziger Strasse. The German Admiralty is a model building. On entering you find yourself in a square, marble-columned atrium, which reminds one of the drawings and paintings of the portals of the old Roman baths. There are a number of waiting-rooms on both sides, and that is as far as ninety-nine out of a hundred people get. To advance beyond the doors leading into the "holy of holies" is a labour that takes time, influence, and brains.

I shall not describe the devious ways and means which have to be employed in order to obtain admission to the temple of the German would-be Neptune. Suffice it to say that, after having secured an introduction to Captain Lohlein, who at the time was—and I think still is—a high official at the Admiralty, being something like their advertising manager, I finally passed through the inner portals of the sacred edifice.

Once inside the building, my first impression was a reminder of the story about Lord Kitchener and the War Office—"Is there a Kid here? No. Then go and get one." Many similar orders must have been given in the "Kaiserliches Marineamt." In several of the rooms I saw a field bed hidden in a corner or behind a screen. Yes, the German Navy is very active . . . in Berlin.

Maps of Britain's Bases.

One of the most fascinating departments in the "Marineamt" (Admiralty) in Berlin is "Abteilung XVI.", where maps, plans, sketches, &c., are collected and kept. I spent an interesting morning there in Room 7, and feasted my eyes on many excellently drawn and photographed maps. It was here that I saw (for the first time) a six inch to the mile map of Rosyth Harbour; large scale maps of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, the mouth of the Thames, the entrance to the Mersey, the Liverpool docks, the Portsmouth docks, and various seaports; also, a map of England, with the places marked where hostile landings had been made. I doubt whether there are many yards of Great Britain's coast that were not carefully mapped out there.

But it is not of the British maps I wish to tell you. I was far more interested in the minute drawings and maps of Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, the Kiel Canal, Heligoland, the North Sea coast and its defences, &c. I was naturally most anxious to "borrow" them for a little while. But that was easier planned than executed. Maps from eight to ten feet long, fastened on rollers, are not quite the thing to "borrow" clandestinely. Nevertheless, I succeeded in obtaining a number of copies, much smaller, it is true, but exact replicas all the same, of those interesting and instructive German drawings. I doubt not that the Germany Admiralty would very much like to know how I obtained those copies. But I am not going to tell.

But to return to Captain Lohlein. He was a very pleasant, suave gentleman, but naturally they were not doing any advertising just then in the navy. In answer to my queries, whether I might pay a visit to Wilhelmshaven, the Canal, Emden, Heligoland, I received a point-blank reply: "Impossible—absolutely impossible!" Answer. In short, to use the well-known answer, "Es ist verboten."

I can imagine how British sailors must feel when cruising and searching the North Sea, eager for a sight of the German pennant. So near and yet so far! Here I was in the heart of the enemy's country, and, what's more, at large, hardly the toss of a ship's biscuit from those pioneers of Germany's future, and yet unable to feast my eyes on them.

Saddened and disappointed, I turned my back on Berlin and the inhospitable officials of the Admiralty, and moved to the free city of Hamburg on the Elbe. Here, after a while, fortune favoured me, and my career of "crime" began. Through friends and acquaintances and other mediums I had several chances of visiting the principal defences of Germany on the North Sea. Short clandestine trips to the coast; interesting, if brief, voyages on all sorts of quaint old vessels; railway and automobile journeys to various parts of the German North Sea coast—in short, a veritable banquet of German Navy delicacies, with, as piece de resistance, a trip through the Kiel Canal. And this is what I have now to tell you about.

Germany's Coast Defences.

From what I gathered during those trips, I believe there is not another defence system in the world that can be compared with Germany's two hundred mile coast line on the North Sea.

Germany possesses on her North Sea border the natural advantages of shallow waters and a sandy, flat coast, which in themselves afford a valuable safeguard against offensive operations. The tide rises about ten feet on the Elbe, and from six to seven on the Frisian coast. In peace the various sandbanks and dangerous places are marked by beacons and lights, but, of course, since the beginning of the war everything that might facilitate navigation has been removed. The harbours are limited to those on the Elbe, the Weser, the Jade, and the Ems. They are approached by three narrow and tortuous channels, impossible to navigate without a pilot or expert knowledge of the charts. That is what nature has done for Germany. Science and art have done still more.

The German coast-defence system is divided into two parts—the North Sea and the Baltic divisions, each under command of a Vice-Admiral, with headquarters respectively at Wilhelmshaven and Kiel. It is generally understood that the entire system is controlled by the navy. That is not quite correct. There is no organisation in Germany, not even the navy, in which the German Army does not play some part.

A case in point is the Island of Borkum, the most western of the Frisian Islands, and practically in sight of Holland. It guards the channels leading to Emden Harbour and to some minor ports on the Frisian coast. Although one of the most important units of the North Sea fortifications, it is a military base and under control of the War Office. It is garrisoned and commanded by soldiers. On the other hand, the Island of Wangeroog, which is, so to speak, on the right flank of the Frisian Islands, and guards the entrance to Wilhelmshaven and the Weser mouth, is entirely controlled and manned by the navy.

Other coast-defence stations which have remained under control of the army are the fortifications at Neufahrwasser in the Baltic, protecting the mouth of the Vistula, the forts at Pillau at the entrance of the Frische Haff, the approach to the fortress of Konigsberg, and, finally, Swinemunde, guarding the entrance of the Stettiner Haff, the mouth of the Oder and the Vulcan shipbuilding yards.

Every unit of the entire system—i.e., every harbour, dockyard, fort, battery, nay, I believe almost every single large gun—is connected with the others by a strategical railroad, and, in a smaller degree, by a system of canals. Thus Emden, on the extreme west, is connected with Memel in the east, almost in sight of Russia. The heart and brains of this great web are at Kiel.

A great many improvements are being made at Emden. It is the object of the German Admiralty to make this port another strong naval base. The main submarine stations on the North Sea are at Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland, with substations at Emden, Cuxhaven, and one or two other points.

German Fleet Not Inactive.

"The German coast-defence system," so everyone will assure you, "is, first of all, an offensive defence, effected through submarines and torpedo-boats, using the coast fortifications as a base." Furthermore, if I am to believe some of my informants, those people who think the German Fleet lies inactive in the Kiel Canal are entirely wrong. It is continually on the watch, and its ships are day and night in the North Sea, often as far out as a hundred miles. It is guarding Germany's coast, and here follows a description of how it is done:—

Draw a circle with Heligoland as its centre, the circumference passing through the Island of Sylt off the Schleswig-Holstein coast, and Borkum off that of Friesland. The outer semi-circle, having a radius of about sixty miles, is patrolled by torpedo-boats, which are on guard day and night; and they will report at once any enemy warships that may venture near. Behind this line of patrols comes a cordon of fast cruisers, to give the "thin black line" a firm background. Finally, a third line of defence is formed by armoured cruisers, which act as a reserve and a support for the cruisers and torpedo-boats.

The object of these three lines of defence is to engage and hold back any attacking enemy, until the Grand Battle Fleet—which naturally must remain safely in harbour, protected from submarine attacks—has had time to appear on the scene. In addition to these offensive lines of defence, every channel leading to the various harbours is protected by mines and submarines.

The ordnance of Germany's coast defence system consists of the heaviest Krupp armament, as well as of lighter guns, the calibres ranging from 17 inch to 4.7 inch. At Wilhelmshaven, at Forts 1 and 2 Langlutjen, at Cuxhaven, and, I believe, but am not certain, at Wangeroog as well, the 17-inch howitzers predominate. The calibres most in use are 10 and 11 inch. Many of these guns are mounted on movable platforms, placed in the centre of heavy steel railroad trucks, strong enough, it seemed to me, to carry a whole house. The guns themselves are protected by a sort of cupola of "Gruson plate." When not in use they are stationed in special garages. I know now the purpose of all these short lines and connecting railroads. If a concerted attack on any point of the coast should be undertaken, these railway batteries can be moved rapidly to the place where they are most needed.

The "Gruson plate" protected cupolas and turrets are a formidable and interesting feature of Germany's coast-defence system. Experiments with this armour-plate have shown that it is practically impervious to gun-fire.

I was in Germany when the first attempt to force the Dardanelles was made. Naturally, the whole plan was dismissed as incapable of execution. Every naval or military officer with whom I talked was convinced that the Narrows could never be forced by a naval attack. I was told that, shortly after Turkey entered the war, one of the first things Germany saw to was that the batteries of the Narrows forts were strengthened and protected by Gruson armour-plate. Whether this assertion is true or not, I have not been able to ascertain.

Krupp's Agent Indignant.

Through my letter of introduction to Herr Krupp, I met Herr Crass, Krupp's general representative in Berlin. Herr Crass, who has his palatial offices in the Voss Strasse, occupies one of the most important posts in the Krupp organisation. He is the official intermediary between his firm and the German War Office. I had several long conversations with him, and found him one of the most pleasant and interesting Germans I met. Shortly after our meeting I dropped in at his office, and found him much incensed over a report, published in some of the Allied papers, stating that a Krupp gun sold to the Argentine Government had burst.

"It is a falsehood of the first order," he protested. "Never in all the years that we have been building guns has there been a case of a burst Krupp cannon. If the proper charges of explosives are used it is simply impossible."

The proviso of "proper explosives" brought us to discuss the comparative merits of the powders used by Germany and Britain. Here, too, Herr Crass claimed superiority for the German product. The British powder, so he said, contained ingredients which are very hard on the guns, tending to destroy the rifling. The German powder, containing twenty-five per cent. nitro-glycerine (for their heavy calibres), is supposed to be far preferable to the British cordite charges. "Their powder" (meaning the British) "is in a large degree responsible for the comparatively short life of their big guns. Apart from the damage it does to the rifling, it causes cracks and abrasions in both the inner and the outer tubes long before the allowed maximum is reached. Naturally this causes great inaccuracy of fire." I thought of the "Inaccuracy" of the British guns in the Falkland Islands battle, the Doggerbank affair, and other occasions when there was an opportunity of testing them; but I merely asked why, if the British powder had all those bad qualities, did the British stick to it?

Ah, there were several reasons. In the first place it seems (according to my informant) less expensive to renew the guns than it would be to change all the British powder factories; in the second place, the British powder is the safest and keeps best of any in the world; and, finally, Great Britain, being firstly a naval power, calculates on quick results in a pitched battle. In other words, a decision would be reached long before the big guns had fired their maximum number of rounds. It is characteristic of every German to-day to place financial considerations always nearest to the British heart.

German Naval Gunnery.

I was treated to some interesting details regarding the efficiency of the German naval gunner. At a recent gun-practice of the Heligoland (a battleship of 23,000 tons, mounting 12-inch guns), one of these guns, firing a projectile of 981 lbs., struck a moving target, six miles distant, six times in fifty-eight seconds! She also delivered six broadsides (eight guns) in one minute at a moving target some eight miles off, and hardly visible to the naked eye. More than two-thirds (over 5000 lbs.) of each broadside hit the target. Those amongst my readers who are not au courant with the many accomplishments of a 12-inch gun, should ask one of their naval friends, and then they will learn what wonders these German gunners are. It is usually understood that two, perhaps at the utmost three, shots a minute from a 12-inch gun is the limit. Another record is said to be held by this ship. I was told that at a competition held in March, 1915, she coaled 756 tons in one hour. But, of course, Germany is a surprising country!

I also learned of some marvellous performances of the coast battery personnel. I noticed, at various points along the coast, fairly high observation towers, and managed to pay a visit to one of them. In each of them are stationed two naval officers, who, armed with powerful telescopes and with numerous charts and maps, watch day after day for any enemy vessels that may have eluded the three-fold line of guard-ships. As soon as an enemy ship is discovered, the observing officer, by means of his chart, ruled into many squares and angles, immediately calculates its position and the angle of fire for the respective batteries he serves.

Commander Hirsing, with some of the officers and crew of his U boat. He was the man who sank the Lusitania.

The result of the calculation is at once telephoned to the different commanders in charge; and although the men at the guns are unable to see their target, they open fire. Gun-practices held with this system of indirect fire showed that a target nine miles out at sea was struck seven times out of ten. Now we know—as they do in Germany—why the British Fleet keeps at a safe distance from these gunnery experts!

How the Kiel Canal is Protected.

A week or so after my arrival in Hamburg I learned that Admiral Von Koester was to give a lecture at the University of Kiel. Of course, I could not afford to miss such an interesting and instructive event. Consequently, I persuaded a German naval acquaintance to be my companion on a little voyage of discovery, which—incidentally, of course—would include a visit to Kiel. A naval uniform is a passport anywhere in Germany, and my passport was much in need of both moral and physical support. This was my first visit to Kiel. On the second, when I passed through the Canal (as described later), being without such an escort, and since Kiel is an unhealthy place for any foreigner in these days, I left it without delay.

I believe it would be simpler for a soldier to pass in khaki through Belgium and Brussels than for a spy to get within sight of the Kiel Canal. There is hardly a yard of land or water along the canal or near its approaches that is not guarded night and day. Near the canal everything is "Verboten." You must not enter the zone—one mile on either side of the canal—without a special permit. Even if you have a pass, you are not allowed to enter the zone without being accompanied by a soldier. From every village and town which lies in the proximity of the canal every foreigner, whether naturalised or not, has been expelled. Even Germans whose reputations were not spotless had to go too.

At the various bridges—either railroad or highway—the ferries and every other kind of crossing whole platoons of soldiers are stationed. Parcels that could be carried across are thoroughly examined; civilians are not allowed to cross the canal unless chaperoned by a soldier. Motor-cars, carriages, waggons—in short, vehicles of every kind and description—must be escorted by a soldier in order to reach the other side.

Everybody must be in possession of a special pass, issued by the Mayor and countersigned by two prominent citizens of the town or village where he lives; his business must be stated thereon; whether he enjoys a good reputation, and numerous other details. The pass is only valid for the particular station of the canal for which it is issued. It must be applied for at least a week beforehand, so that the local authorities have ample time to despatch a list of the passes issued to the canal authorities. The passenger cannot change his route. If he should present himself at any other station his name would be unknown there, and he would be arrested at once. The formalities at the railroad stations giving access to the four railroad bridges are the severest of all.

On reaching the last station before the canal, all the passengers must alight. After your pass has been examined and not found wanting, your luggage thoroughly overhauled, your pockets searched, you may return to your seat in the train. You might think that they would trust you now; but, no, "we cannot take any chances." Some fifty soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles enter the train and are posted either in the vestibules of the carriages or—as is usually the case—one in each compartment. The blinds must be drawn, and the doors are locked on the outside. Sentries near the bridges have stringent instructions to fire without warning at anyone seen prowling round. The anti-aircraft guns on the locks, bridges, and other points along the canal are manned day and night.

Everything possible is done to discourage unnecessary travelling in the canal zone. "It is better," so they argue, "to suspect and inconvenience a thousand innocent travellers than that one guilty person should slip through."

"My dear sir, do you think we are fools?" exclaimed a German officer whom I had chaffed about these precautionary measures. "What do you think it would be worth to the British to have our canal put out of business, even if only temporarily? Millions, my dear sir, millions. In these times, and certainly as far as our canal is concerned, we suspect everybody, and will consider him 'not guilty'—for the time being only—when he has reached the other side without accidents to the canal. The reports from the different stations in the zone would make interesting reading, especially for the British. We have caught very strange fish here, and big ones, too. A special court-martial is continually sitting at Kiel, charged only with the investigation of canal cases, and I can assure you that justice is meted out here, quick and drastic. Death is practically the only verdict."

Discovery of Spies.

According to stories in Hamburg and Kiel, many attempts have been, and are still being, made to bribe native Germans. Several neutrals have tried their hands at earning a quick, but not an easy penny. "Ugh!" said an officer, whom I met in Kiel, contemptuously, "the English are no good at secret-service work. Why? Because they lack the one great essential—the fanatical spirit of patriotism, which is born in us, and is instilled into us from the cradle. If the English had a canal half as important to them as this is to us, it would have been wrecked long ago."

I heard that during the early days of the war several Englishmen were caught red-handed. Attempts were made to blow up the two giant locks at the Kiel end. One man was caught near one of the railroad bridges. He was disguised as a workman. His pass and other papers seemed quite in order. When they searched him nothing suspicious was found, and they almost let him go. But one of the officials suddenly had the bright idea to look inside his dinner pail. And there, beneath innocent layers of cheese sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, they discovered enough explosives to blow up half a dozen bridges.

I was shown in Hamburg by a young and communicative officer (it was after one of these convivial dinners of the Vaterland, concluding with French cognac and "Deutschland uber Alles") a set of most interesting photographs. They showed wrecks and "accidents" in the canal since the beginning of the war. One Swedish freighter, loaded with lumber, was seen almost blocking the channel. As my friend the enemy explained, several tugs arrived only just in time to drag the steamer sufficiently to one side, so as not to obstruct the waterway entirely. The "accident" occurred in October, 1914. What happened to that Swedish captain and his crew I could not ascertain, but I was assured, with an ominous wink of the eye, that that skipper would never pass through the canal again.

NEXT WEEK—An Aerial Trip to Heligoland—From Emden to Wilhelmshaven—More Startling Secrets of the German Naval Bases.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

INTERCEPTING THE RAIDERS.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE IRISH CONVENTION.

(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE success of our new methods against the Zeppelins has made people rather prone to criticise the authorities unfairly when there is a raid like that which Lord French has to record on the South-East of England.

The average citizen thinks that there must be something amiss when no fewer than sixteen aircraft are able to dash across the sea, drop the bombs on a coast town, and get away without being engaged on this side by our aeroplanes.

No one who has experienced one of these raids is disposed to adopt this superficial view. The attacking aeroplanes fly at a great height, and, even if their hostile purpose is detected instantly, they are over the town, have dropped their bombs, and are back on their way to Belgium long before even the fastest of our machines can climb to their altitude and overtake them.

It speaks much for the promptitude with which Dunkirk was warned that the machines there were able to get up, intercept the raiding aircraft, and shoot down three of them.

The casualties in this last raid were very heavy, but in this respect we have been extraordinary lucky in the past. On this occasion the Germans seem to have found their target, and the town attacked was probably fuller than usual owing to the Whitsun holidays.

Mr Asquith and the Irish Convention.

It is a fact, I believe, that Mr Asquith has been offered and has felt constrained to refuse the Chairmanship of the Irish Convention.

No one can doubt but that the decision of the ex-Premier is a wise one. He would have made a strong chairman, but he would not have been entirely acceptable to the Ulster representatives.

Moreover, there is a growing feeling that the duty of presiding over the deliberations ought to be entrusted to an Irishman. For this reason, if for no other, it is hoped that there is no substance in the accepted belief at Westminster that Mr Speaker will be selected for the task.

Mr Lowther no doubt possesses an unrivalled experience as a chairman, but no one but an Irishman really understands Irishmen, and even the Speaker of the House of Commons might very easily find himself all at sea if he were asked to control the deliberations of a convention of this character. Mr Lowther, moreover, has, it appears, just been appointed chairman of the Redistribution Commission, and has his hands full already.

Mr Redmond, it is said, is ready and, indeed, anxious that the chairmanship of the Convention should be entrusted to an Ulster man, and no one who is familiar with the enormous difficulties that will be experienced in securing an agreement doubts that in this particular the Nationalist Leader is absolutely right.

The Duration—How Long?

If anyone in these days attaches any importance at all to the forecasts offered from time to time about the duration of the war he must be grievously puzzled just now by the babel of voices that make themselves heard on the subject. Some warn us to prepare for a very long struggle. Others assert quite confidently that it will be all over by the autumn.

The politicians are rather more cautious; or, rather, they use words which are capable of a double meaning. Mr Arthur Henderson, the one member of the War Cabinet to assume the role of prophet in this particular, speaks, for instance, in oracular terms of "nearing the climax," but leaves us to put our own interpretation upon the word "climax."

You also detect the guarded language of the old Parliamentary hand in Mr Balfour's prediction of an early victory. You notice the same conflict amongst the prophets if you pick up the German newspapers.

The plain fact is that nobody knows when the war will end, and anyone who expects guidance on the question from our public men might just as well pluck a dandelion seed and decide the issue that way.

New Loan to Redeem the Old.

There seems a general expectation in financial and insurance circles that after the war the Government will seek to redeem the Script issued under what was known as the Victory Loan at the earliest possible moment. It is felt that the rate of interest which it carries is higher than the Government ought to bear, at any rate when the uncertainties attendant on the war are swept away.

The impression is that a new Loan will be issued bearing a lower rate of interest, and that the money so obtained will be used for redeeming the old Loan. It is, of course, exceedingly improbable that such a Loan would realise anything like the sum that was secured last February, when hundreds of thousands of people subscribed on patriotic grounds.

It is suggested that if the support afforded to the new Loan fell much below expectation an arrangement would be made substituting the new Stock for the £5 Per Cent. War Stock, 1929-1947, but it is not quite clear what the financial advantage of this would be, though it is not without significance that the insurance companies which issued policies in connection with the War Loan inserted a clause in their agreement providing for any exchange of stock which might "hereafter be substituted by Parliament."

GERMAN NAVAL BASES—CAN WE SMASH THEM?

PROBLEM MORE DIFFICULT TO SOLVE THAN THE U-BOAT MENACE.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

FOR some little time past a discussion has been proceeding in the naval and general Press on the exact meaning of the term "command of the seas." Service contributors to this interesting discussion have been Admirals Custance, Henderson, and Fitzgerald, while such well-known naval critics as Messrs Pollen, Gerard Fiennes, and Ferraby have also submitted their opinions. Command of the seas controls so many circumstances and situations, it is doubtful whether it can really be defined within the limits of any short, verbal formula. The opposing doctrines of the warring parties seem to run on the following lines:—

First you have the "active" school of strategists, headed by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance. Their view is that a fleet is built to meet, fight, and to defeat the enemy's warships. And it is only by the actual defeat of the hostile fleet that command of the seas can be assured. Our present control of the seas they regard as more or less conditional. In other words, we simply rule the seas, because the German Navy does not choose to fight at present. Our maritime dominion merely exists on the sufferance of the German Fleet, and the enemy has the power and initiative to challenge us at any time he pleases by sending his battle fleet out to fight.

So long as the enemy possesses a "fleet in being," the Custance school say there can be no "command of the seas" in the true meaning of the term. They further consider that our present naval strategy is too solicitous about the loss of ships and men. Warships are built and manned for fighting purposes, and should not be wrapped up in cotton-wool. Some adherents to the Custance school think that an admiral with an inferior force should accept action with a stronger enemy under certain conditions, regardless of possible defeat, purely for the sake of inflicting material injury on the other side.

The final conclusion derived from the arguments of the Custance school can be summed up in the words, "Make the German Fleet fight, or find some means of doing so. You may lose ships and men, but when you have forced the German Fleet into action and defeated it you will have a real 'command of the seas.' Your present command is merely a sham."

Sheer and Criminal Folly.

Now, let us listen to the other part, taken by the passive school of strategists. The Custance definition of "command of the seas," they say, can only be complied with by the complete destruction, not only of the enemy's war fleet, but of his mercantile marine and every ship he possesses. Such a result has never been attained in the whole history of naval warfare. After Trafalgar and other great and decisive naval battles the defeated side always managed to send warships to sea, and, therefore, in spite of complete disaster, some kind of fleet was kept "in being."

Our present command of the seas they consider complete, and confirm it by Admiral Hornby's definition, "if I can tell my Government they can move troops by sea without any fear of interference by the enemy's fleet, then I consider I have command of the seas." It is not denied that warships are built to fight or that command of the seas must finally be consolidated by the defeat of the hostile battle squadrons. But the Passive School say it does not lie within our power to make the German Fleet come out to sea for a decisive engagement. The barrier between the Grand Fleet and the German High Sea Fleet is the German coastal defences, and no means has yet been devised of surmounting that obstacle.

What the Custance School really want, say the Passivists, is that the Grand Fleet should be hurled on the German coastal defences, a piece of sheer and criminal folly, which would simply result in the destruction of our ships. We would then lose command of the seas, and the German Fleet would be able to do what it willed. The Custance doctrine is likened to the dog in Æsop's fable, who dropped the meat he was holding to seize the reflection in the water. The command of the seas we now have is real, but the Custance School invite us to drop it, to grab at a more attractive looking shadow.

Putting aside all questions of difference, both parties seem to be agreed on the following points:—The British Grand Fleet is superior to the German Battle Fleet, and any battle between these two forces alone would result, almost certainly, in a British victory, and completer command of the seas. But the Grand Fleet is inferior to the German Fleet plus German Base Power. To put it in another way, 4 (the British Fleet) is superior to 2 (the German Fleet), but it is inferior to 2 (the German Fleet) plus 8 (German Base Power). How, then, can 8 be overcome so that 4 can beat 2?

The Problem to be Tackled.

Allied to this question is the problem of the U-boat warfare. It is agreed that, if the German naval bases were destroyed or captured, the submarine warfare would come to an end. The two great problems of the naval war are (1) making the German Fleet fight, and (2) defeating the U boat war on shipping. Both problems can be solved by one solution, or both birds can be killed by one stone—namely, by devising some method for smashing through the German coastal defences and destroying the hostile naval bases. German Base Power is, therefore (in the opinion of both schools of naval thought), the dominating question of the naval war, and the vital problem we have to tackle.

What is German Base Power? It is hard to give a satisfactory reply to this question, because Base Power is made up of so many things. But the two chief factors are natural and artificial conditions. Natural conditions are geographical, or simply the German North Sea Coast, as represented on a map. Without going into any technical explanations, it may be said that the natural shape of the German North Sea Coast represents a position of great strength, as a defensive line. To these natural advantages, the Germans have added artificial improvements, consisting of coastal defences with guns and mortars up to 15-inch calibre, minefields, shore torpedo-tube stations, searchlight positions, mobile batteries of quick-firing guns, strategic railways—in short, everything that can be devised to make an already strong position practically impregnable to any assault from the sea. A hard nut, my masters, to crack!

Yet crack it must, it is urged, if we are to get at the kernel of the German Fleet and the submarine warfare. Have we any experience to guide us, or materials ready to hand? For experience we have the lessons of the naval attack on the Dardanelles forts, where a scratch lot of warships tried to fight land forts, and received more damage than they inflicted. This is not particularly encouraging.

Again, there is the case of Zeebrugge, many times bombarded from the sea, but never overcome. The latest chapter in the history of Zeebrugge seems to add another proof of the futility of ships attacking coastal forts. Early in the month one of our East Coast squadrons, under Commander Tyrwhitt, chased eleven German destroyers back to Zeebrugge. Soon after, seaplanes, monitors, and other ships heavily bombarded Zeebrugge for five hours, probably with the hope of smashing up those five fugitive torpedo craft. And what was the result of all this fury? The German wasps came out again recently, evidently uninjured, and nearly succeeded in bombarding Dunkirk again.

After these failures, there seems little chance of overcoming German Base Power from the seaward side. Moreover, the German coastal defences are twice (or three times) as strong as the Dardanelles forts, and perhaps five times as strong as the Zeebrugge defences. Why have we failed? We have tried the super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, pre-Dreadnoughts and monitors, all without success, except in the case of the monitors, whose failure has been less marked. So we have the question thrust upon us, "Are the kind of ships we have been using the right ones? Have our naval bombardments really been conducted on the right lines?"

The Danger from Mines and Submarines.

German Naval Base Power has a parallel in the German military defences in France and Flanders. The Hindenburg, Wotan, and Siegfried lines are comparable in strength to the German costal defences in the North Sea. We are mastering the land positions, principally by sheer gun power, superior fighting morale, "tanks," and other means. If we could bring an enormous preponderance of gunfire of the right kind to bear on the German coastal fortifications from the sea, and could back that gunfire up by the naval equivalent of the "tanks," there is little doubt we would be able to master one section of the German shore defences, covering the hostile naval bases.

But German forts are only one part of the problem; there are also minefields and submarines to be dealt with. In the Dardanelles we made repeated attempts to sweep up Turkish mines under fire, and all our endeavours failed. The recent affair in the Adriatic is a timely illustration of what might happen if we tried to clear the German minefields round Heligoland, preparatory to an attack on the shore forts by specially-built warships. Our sweepers are engaged on their work, when the enemy's light cruisers and destroyers make a sudden sally from their bases, forty or fifty miles away; fourteen or more drifters are sunk before our light cruisers can come up. The enemy ships are then chased up to the guns of their forts, and hostile battleships next come out.

As it is not the business of our light cruisers and destroyers to fight battleships (though they have done it), the only thing to do is to retire. The enemy battleships can now convoy minelayers to the minefield, driving off our sweeping craft, and replace all the mines swept up by fresh ones. When the enemy forces have gone back to their base, our sweepers have to begin their work all over again, subject to another sudden attack at any moment.

The only remedy for this kind of thing is to have one's battleships ready at hand to tackle the hostile battleships when they come out of port. But to keep battleships hanging about a minefield, only fifty miles from an enemy base containing submarines and torpedo craft, is much too risky a use to make of battle squadrons.

Forcing the Fleet to Fight.

Compared with the problem of overcoming German Base Power, the question of how to master the U boats is almost child's play. The Custance doctrine of attacking naval bases seems to be almost deliberate naval suicide under present conditions. The passive form of strategy is the policy of Micawber; it simply means waiting for "something to turn up" that will make the German Fleet fight. "Something" may be a military defeat on land reacting on German naval strategy, or an attempt to invade Britain, or some desperate essay to break our blockade and import food or war materials into Germany.

I do not think that the problem of smashing the German naval bases is absolutely beyond solution, for three or four remedies of a practical nature have already been suggested. Admiral Lacaze, the French Minister of Marine, is of the opinion that the last episode in this war will be a final and decisive battle between the British and German Fleets, and his opinion is shared by all higher French naval officers. The reason why the German Fleet will fight will be "the last gamble," after all has been lost with the army and the U boats. As Base Power seems too tough a nut for us to crack, we had best try to make the German Fleet fight by the methods we are using now. That is, by defeating Germany on land, giving the submarine pirates a particularly uncomfortable time, and so forcing Germany to use her fleet at sea as a forlorn hope.

Overcoming the U-Boat Menace.

The latest list of shipping losses was judiciously analysed by the Press on its appearnce last Thursday morning. It can be regarded as one of the satisfactory "minimum" returns, showing one of the least destructive efforts of the U boats. According to some persons' opinions, these returns will never be satisfactory until we have a zero placed against the number of ships sunk and attacked. Such aspirations are too idealistic, for there will never be a week in the war to come without some British merchant ship being attacked or sunk.

No corrections were issued with the last return, and another noticeable feature was the great drop in the total of vessels which escaped attack, only nine getting away uninjured. Perhaps the U boats have found the murder of mercantile vessels so risky now they have been ordered only to make attempts on "sure" targets, and not to risk destruction by attacking on the off-chance of success. This may explain the sudden fall in the total of escapes. The Premier, Lords Milner and Joicey have declared that we have made good progress with our anti-submarine campaign.

From all quarters the news comes to me that our latest endeavours in the "anti-dote" line have proved really frightful—for the U boats. The U.S. Navy Department has further taken the extraordinary step of announcing publicly that two anti-submarine devices submitted "have been found to be exceptionally promising." All this is highly encouraging, but we must keep at it and redouble our efforts to get the whip hand of the U-boat menace.

SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR.

BRITISH OBSERVER'S ESCAPE FROM BLAZING BALLOON.

WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Glasgow, Saturday.

One of the most thrilling incidents of warfare on the Western front is related by a Brite artillery officer in describing an attack by a raiding Hun aeroplane over the British lines. He states:—

We have been annoying the Boche considerably of late by bringing down his observation balloons. A few days ago an enemy machine came over and retaliated by attacking one of our balloons, and succeeded in setting it aflame, although an intense fire was kept up all round him.

Only one of our observers was in the balloon at the time it was attacked, and, strapped to his parachute, he jumped out. In some manner, however, the parachute got entangled with the car of the balloon, and there he was, poor chap, hanging in mid-air by the waist, with the gas-bag blazing above him. I watched him with my field-glasses, swaying backwards and forwards beneath the burning mass, and at length I saw him grasp one of the wire ropes that hang round the car of an observation balloon. There are several of these ropes hanging from the car to assist in hauling the balloon into its "nest" when reaching the earth. The unfortunate observer evidently took this to be the mooring rope, and, hanging on with one hand, he managed to undo the strap round his waist and get clear of the parachute.

A Terrible Predicament.

Then he started to swarm down the rope hand over hand, but about sixty feet below the car the rope ended. Consternation no doubt prevailed in the poor devil's mind, while we breathlessly watched the thrilling scene, at least 1000 feet below. He hung on for fully five minutes, the balloon burning fiercely overhead, then as a slight breeze was blowing the whole mass started to come down like a stone. When just over a clump of trees the observer dropped, releasing his hold of the rope. He was pulled clear just before the blazing wreckage of the balloon descended on the same spot, but at a severe cost. One arm and several ribs were broken, while he had sustained severe nervous shock. Still, after going through such an awful experience, he is lucky to have escaped with his life.

It was one of the most sensational incidents that have occurred on this front, and during the time it was enacted our attention was held riveted by anxiety and horror as we watched the swift sequence of events in the aerial drama. Our only regret was that the Hun airman, who, to give him his due, must have been a plucky chap, succeeded in making his escape back to his own lines.

GERMAN NAVAL BASES—Continued.

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LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Sense in the Commons.

Whenever a man talks sense in the House of Commons he has to be called to order.—New Witness.

Sure to Find a Way.

New York has sold 6000 discarded lamp-posts for shrapnel. But what will they do with the pro-Germans now?—Montreal Star.

No Notion.

Whitehall seems yet to have no notion whatever of trying to treat labour as labour obviously ought to be treated.—New Statesman.

What They Are Told in Berlin.

Britain's daily food rations have been reduced to proportions such as would barely satisfy the appetite of a healthy mouse.—Berlin Post.

The Slacker's Future.

The American slackers who marry so as to avoid service in the army will probably be supported by their wives later on.—Los Angelos Times.

In Russia.

Everything over there is in the melting pot, and it is quite possible that the Russian Empire may split up eventually into half a dozen Republics.—Liverpool Post.

Within Reach of All.

With cabbage selling at nine cents a pound, potatoes retailing by the quart and meat soaring out of sight, the only constituents of a good soup that are within the reach of the economical citizen are the salt and the river.—Seattle Times.

In 1917 Too!

The "Wee Free" speakers have increased the respect of the people for them by the absurd claim that the recent spell of unfavourable weather was a punishment for Sunday work, which, by the way, is still proceeding.—Dundee Courier.

How Long Will the War Last?

Perhaps the best answer given me was that of a South African, who remarked reflectively, "Well, sir, I can't rightly say, but it looks to me as though this 'ere war 'as settled down now into a sort of a 'oss chooshun."—New York Outlook.

A Query.

Is there a Government of England? There are Government office stools in plenty, and men sitting on them; I see Government offices (and little else) from my window; there are Ministers, and my ear has long been attuned to the eternal discord of their speech.—The Nation.

Treatment of Prisoners.

If we are to demonstrate our power and ascendancy to the enemy, we must compel an adjustment of the conditions under which prisoners of war are treated. The Hun must not luxuriate while the brave British soldier is starved and brutally ill-treated.—Weekly News.

Mischievous.

The letch to be always chopping and changing and redefining the causes of the war, to be always meddling with the aims of the Allies, is mischievous. It can only convey the impression of an infirm purpose. It embarrasses, and may even stultify, the leaders in the field.—The Saturday Review.

In the Queue.

I says to the bloke with the barrer, I says,
"Got any spuds to-day?"
"Seed," says he, an' 'e winks at me
In a artful sort of a way.
"That's me," I says, "four pound, old dear."
An' 'e says, "You must sign the book."
Or the bloke in blue wot's keepin' the queue
'E might think they was bought to cook.

—The London Star.

Monstrously Unjust.

As things exist prices bear no relation to supplies, and are fixed at the will of the middlemen and retailers. It is monstrously unjust that the public should be bound in honour to a scale of living and that the greed of a few should be allowed to increase the difficulties of keeping to the conditions.—The Outlook.

Divine Right.

The Kaiser has always held out to the German people that he acted through the direction of the Almighty, and so have the rulers of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria followed what is commonly known as divine right. But this here divine right business won't do, and after the war it will be done away with.—Chicago Blade.

What's in a Name?

A naughty boy once refused to drink his milk from a mug, but took it like a lamb when an adroit nursemaid offered the same sustaining beverage in a cup; and, similarly, it is hoped that Ulster will accept Home Rule when it is called federation, and granted by Plunkett, Dunraven, and company instead of by the old firm.—Truth.

Need for a Second Chamber.

The House of Commons may not be, and probably is not, as unpopular as some Radical and Tory extremists suggest, but it is no good to hide from oneself the fact that the country does not want to entrust it with absolutely unlimited power. The British people want what every Dominion and every free European and American political community has set up—some check upon what Walt Whitman called "the insolence of elected persons."—The Spectator.

IMPORTANCE OF ITALIAN SUCCESSES.

GERMANY'S INCREASING DANGERS IN THE WEST.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

WHILST the French and British continue eating their way remorselessly into the Hindenburg Line the Italians are making their influence felt in unmistakable fashion. The extent to which Russia will be able to co-operate this summer with the Allies in the West continues to be the most uncertain factor in the war. But the Italians, at least, show no signs of failing us in the vital stage on which the struggle has now entered.

General Cadorna has followed up his earlier operations by striking, as was expected, on the Carso, and the new offensive has met with a success which suggests that the Italian Commander-in-Chief has again out-generalled the foe. The Austrians certainly were not taken by surprise by this blow at Trieste. On the contrary, there is evidence that they have accumulated very large forces indeed between Jamiano and Trieste.

But even in this war the element of surprise is still possible to a modified extent. The Austrians expected the blow, but it undoubtedly fell earlier than was anticipated.

The artillery bombardments which precede the infantry attacks on the Western front sometimes extend over ten days, or even longer. General Cadorna was content with a bombardment of as many hours, and in his first rush afterwards he carried many important positions, including the village of Jamiano itself, and took very nearly ten thousand prisoners.

The front on which this great battle has taken place is less than fifteen miles from Trieste. But we must guard ourselves against attaching too much importance to the nearness of the goal for which the Italians are striving.

The difficulties of the terrain are immense, and the Austrians are taking full advantage of the natural defensive strength of the ground. For the defence of the Italian front they have drawn many divisions from the East, but even so, their resources appear inadequate to the demands which are being made on them.

Apart from the fighting on the Carso, a fierce struggle is proceeding on the northern part of the Isonso front, where the Austrians are the attackers, and the Italians are acting largely on the defensive. The battle here is clearly intended to create a diversion, but so far from succeeding the Austrians have been unable to affect General Cadorna's plans on the Carso, and even on the Upper Isonso they have sustained some rather severe blows.

If the stress of the position on the Italian front should force Von Hindenburg to send further reinforcements to his Ally, the Italian offensive will react on the position on the Western front, where there has been a comparative lull during the last few days. After securing possession of practically the entire sector of the Hindenburg Line running from Bullecourt to Arras, Sir Douglas Haig has paused to organise the positions won. But the halt will not be of long duration.

German Half Truths.

The German Headquarters Staff is greatly concerned to contest Sir Douglas Haig's assertion that we have broken through the Hindenburg Line. It is even contended that no such thing as a Hindenburg Line exists.

This is true enough since we obliterated the German trench system practically all the way from Arras to Queant. But it is not true in the sense that the Germans imply.

The conflict of testimony is possible owing to this term, Hindenburg Line, in Germany and in Great Britain respectively. It is asserted in Germany that there is no Hindenburg Line, "unless one likes to give this name to the whole of the systems of positions which were laid out by orders of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and which in the Arras zone stretch in broad rings one behind the other."

Even if this definition is accepted (and there is no reason why it should not be accepted) it is difficult to understand how the Germans are able to contest that their defensive system has been smashed over a front of some half score miles.

It is true that standing behind the Hindenburg Line, or Siegfried Line, as the Germans prefer to call it, there is a second defensive system which the Germans call the Wotan Line, and which we call the Drocourt-Queant switch line. Now that the Siegfried Line has been demolished, the Germans affect to regard the Wotan Line as their main defensive position. But this line was admittedly thrown up as a precautionary measure, and, until recently at least, it was not even completed.

In this we have an explanation of the very large reserves Von Hindenburg has flung into the furnace East of Arras in order to delay the British advance. Whether this delay has sufficed for the completion of the Wotan Line is a question on which information as yet is not available.

The manner in which the German Headquarters Staff is endeavouring to throw dust in the eyes of the German people is indicated by the following statement, officially issued to the Berlin press:—

"In the reports of the English Army Command there recurs every week or fortnight, with unmistakable intention, the statement that the English troops have attacked this or that point in the Hindenburg position. Sometimes, again, a phrase is chosen to the effect that fighting is in progress at this or that point in the Hindenburg position. In face of these statements it is worth while expressly to establish the fact that what we call our Hindenburg position has in reality never been attacked at all, with the sole exception of the district of Bullecourt, where, as is well known, fighting has been in uninterrupted progress for some days. Our Siegfried position has, therefore, in fact realised all the expectations which we placed on it. Except in the area already indicated, the fighting in the north of our Western front is everywhere proceeding within the area of the old positions which we have held for two and a half years."

All this, of course, is grossly misleading, but it is based on half truths which it is not always easy to combat. From our point of view its main interest lies in the efforts the German Higher Command now deem it necessary to make to sustain the war spirit of their civilian population.

What is more material is that with the destruction of the line between Arras and Bullecourt we now stand in front of the Drocourt-Queant switch line, which is the last barrier which lies between us and Douai, and, as far as we know, is the last serious defensive line between us and the Valley of the Meuse itself.

But it would be exceedingly unwise to assume that when in turn this barrier goes down before the weight of our artillery fire and the indomitable assaults of our infantry, that the British Army will sweep on triumphantly and victoriously to the natural line of the Meuse.

One is inclined to attach considerable importance to the statement that the German defensive system between Queant and Lens stretches "in broad rings, one behind the other."

What does this suggest? In the opinion of those best qualified to speak, it implies the determination on the part of the enemy to hang on approximately to his present ground to the bitter end.

The Perils of Retreat.

It will be in no sense surprising if this view should prove to be correct. Apart altogether from the loss of military prestige involved by a forced retreat to the Meuse—and the Germans are particularly anxious to avoid such loss of prestige in view of the situation that presents itself on the Eastern front—all military men are agreed that under modern conditions of warfare a forced retreat would be attended with immense peril, and might easily develop into an irretrievable military disaster.

We shall do well to be prepared, therefore, for a continuance of the present more or less stationary aspect of the war for a considerable time to come. The Germans may be forced back mile by mile, but they will hesitate to attempt a general retirement. They will contest every inch of the ground even though they have to fight on terrain highly unfavourable to themselves.

And it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that this is precisely the result which Sir Douglas Haig's strategy is seeking to bring about. There can be no military decision in this war until Germany's reserves have been exhausted. And the surest way to exhaust these reserves is to compel Von Hindenburg to expend his divisions under conditions so disadvantageous that the losses of the defence substantially exceed the losses of the attack.

That these conditions prevail at present in the fighting to the east of Arras is pretty well established. When this process has gone on for a sufficient length of time, it is inevitable that weakness will begin to develop in some portion of the German Line—though not necessarily in that portion which we are directly attacking.

Then will come the great opportunity of the Allies, and we shall realise, as we have never realised before, the supreme importance of the aerial supremacy which we have succeeded in establishing. For it is by aerial reconnaissance that British Headquarters will get the first warning of the movement of reinforcements from sectors not immediately threatened to sectors which the Germans deem to be in dire peril.

The Riddle of the East.

We must steadfastly reconcile ourselves to the fact that these results are likely to be substantially delayed by the virtual paralysis which has fallen on the Russian lines in the East. It is stated that since Sir Douglas Haig started his offensive on the Arras front Von Hindenburg, in this zone alone, has thrown no fewer than ninety divisions into the fight.

We know enough of the reserves which the enemy have available to feel assured that a proportion at least of these divisions must have been withdrawn from the Eastern front. The fact is disturbing enough, though it carries with it certain consequences which may be wholly favourable to the Allied cause if Russia is able to pull herself together in the military sense, and assume the offensive in Galicia or at some other portion of her long front.

Compared with her trials in the past, her task would be a comparatively easy one. For it is not on the French front alone that the Germans have sent reinforcements from East to West.

The same thing has happened on the Italian front. The struggle which General Cadorna is waging has been rendered infinitely more strenuous by the fact that the Austrians have been able to mass against him forces which they dare not have employed in this theatre if the Russian menace had been really serious.

FOUR SECRET FACTORIES

FOR MANUFACTURE OF GERMAN BREAD TICKETS.

HUN'S ADMISSION OF BRITISH SUPERIORITY.

(Specially Contributed.)

Every day the German papers report the discovery of illegal secret printing presses for bread tickets, and, judging by the number of arrests and imprisonments, Berlin prisons must be full of these forgers. Great discontent is expressed by the people regarding all these illegal bread tickets in circulation. This is what the Berliner Tageblatt, after describing the dramatic arrest of another forgers' band, says:—"This is the fourth secret bread ticket factory that the Berlin police have discovered this week. How can we blame the farmer for the scarcity of grain if we read at the same time that five million illegal bread tickets are in circulation among the public, thus depriving many of their allotted share of bread?"

Does the Kaiser Know?

The position of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is by no means enviable, or even oversecure, judging by the comments in the latest German newspapers. Here is a very typical sample in the Berliner Tageblatt headed

"KAISER, HEAR THY PEOPLE":—

Does the Kaiser know what is happening throughout the nation? It is evident that he does not—for that reason, German men from all classes and political parties should unite and seek a way to reach the Kaiser. Hindenburg will know how to arrange a meeting if all other means are impracticable. We feel that this is the only way to save ourselves from the disastrous results of our inner political life. An attempt must be made to show the Kaiser the true picture of the misery of the German people, so that the wall which divides the Monarch from the nation will fall at last. The Kaiser is sure to receive this deputation graciously, for they will only tell him what Germany expects of its Ruler, namely—that he shall bring forth "Der Tag" of the Germans. Who are the men who will carry the petition to the ears of the Kaiser?

The Gravedigger of the Monarchy.

The Deutsche Zeitung reports a speech by a member of the German House of Lords, Count Salm Horstmar, who, after severely censuring the attitude of the Chancellor, declares "that he is driving the waggon of German State policy with ever-increasing swiftness towards the abyss," and concludes with this significant phrase, "Herr von Bethmann Hollweg may prove the preserver of the Monarchy, but he is more likely to prove its gravedigger."

The Iron Cross a Joke.

The Huns themselves are becoming very tired of iron crosses. The question came under discussion in the Reichstag not long ago and here is Dr Meiningen's speech in the Hamburger Freidenblatt:—

"We must do our utmost to keep the army in good humour. The Kaiser naturally wishes to act for the best, but he is badly advised. We must face the fact that great annoyance is felt at the front because people who never were under fire, who know prisoners only through having seen them in prisoners' camps—civilians, stationmasters, clerks, and even cooks—are honoured by the iron cross much more often than the infantry fighting in the trenches (Loud 'Hear, hears' from the whole House, and cries of 'Even stable-boys and orderlies.') Officers at the front complain that they cannot get decorations for their bravest soldiers, while behind the lines there is scarcely a staff officer or official who has not received the iron cross. The iron cross has become a laughing-stock, a joke not only abroad, but at home. We used all to have a certain reverence for that simple, polished cross, but now soldiers at the front say, 'Here it rains shells and bullets, but behind the lines it rains iron crosses.'"

GLASGOW OFFICER WINS MILITARY CROSS.

Second-Lieutenant Walter Mitchell Martin, a young Glasgow officer, who has been awarded the Military Cross for gallant service on April 1, joined up a month after war broke out. He saw service abroad as a private with Lochiel's Camerons. In the autumn of 1916 he was gazetted to the 6th H.L.I., but is now attached to another H.L.I. battalion. The gallant officer is a son of Mr and Mrs W. Martin, 650 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow.

THE GUILT OF THE GERMAN WORKERS.

KAISER'S MINIONS REVEALED IN THEIR TRUE COLOURS.

By JOHN C. VAN DER VEER, London Editor of the Amsterdam Telegraaf.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

THE German workers share their country's irremissible guilt for this terrible war. Let us never forget that fact. To describe the German workers as "peaceful" and "good comrades" of the workers of other countries, is as far away from truth as a German communique on the war.

Whatever change may come over the Kaiser's humbler subjects, now that hunger and defeat stare them in the face, they were in August, 1914, as war-mad as any Prussian Junker. They fully supported their autocratic ruler and their haughty military caste, in provoking this war and launching its initial attack on little Belgium. The war against Great Britain was particularly popular with the German workers, who, in spite of their platonic "fraternisation," always nursed contempt for the British workmen. I speak by experience. How this experience was gained may briefly be told.

I have been "through the mill." In other words, I have shared the sorrows, hardships, and struggles of the workers in my own country. I have never regretted or disclaimed my connection with those who "toil and spin," whose cause was my own. While educating myself, I did my share to educate and organise them.

Fired by the noble ideals of humanity, right, and freedom, which actuated the early Socialistic movement, I threw myself, twenty-nine years ago, with heart and soul into it. This war rekindled the ideals of my youth, and brought me at once wholeheartedly into sympathy with this country and its Allies. Germany stands to-day for the very things that I have always abhorred, while she trampled on the very principles which I have always cherished. And after nearly three years of war, I feel stronger than at its beginning, that a German victory, or even a peace without her power for evil completely crushed, would be for the workers of the world the greatest calamity.

German reaction always casts its shadow on the Labour movement on the Continent. We felt its baneful influence in Holland during the years 1885-1895, when Bismarck's Anti-Socialist Law made also the struggle of the Dutch workers for freedom and right hard and bitter. We had to carry on in Holland a severe uphill fight that made many of us acquainted with the prison. I had my share of it. However, we gained what we set out to win—freedom of speech and organisation. But I shall never forget the early struggle of my life in Holland, under Germany's reactionary influence. To the Dutch workers at that time she was a particularly "bad neighbour."

As an anti-militarist, I came in 1899 to this free country, where I have resided ever since. For some years I here also took part in the Labour movement. Acting sometimes at International Labour Conferences as interpreter for German delegates, I was enabled to dip into their minds. At the time when Mr Isaac Mitchell was still secretary of the British Federation of Trades Unions, I came in contact with Herr Legien, of Berlin, who was secretary of the International Federation of Trades Unions. With him was associated Herr Sassenbach, whom I also got to know well. At International Conferences of the transport workers I came in close contact with Herr Muller, of Hamburg, who was general secretary of the International Transport Workers' Union.

Double-Dealing German Labour Leaders.

All these three German Labour leaders have actively supported the war against Great Britain.

When I learned that it did not surprise me in the least. I learned to know their disdain of their country, and their contempt for the British workers. In their presence at international conferences they talked and behaved like "comrades," but among themselves and in my presence the German Labour leaders despised their British "comrades," and the words, "those stupid British," never died on their lips. They were as conceited as the German rulers.

The latter considered themselves the chosen of the world. Theirs were the only wisdom and capacity to lead other nations. The same arrogance prompted the German Labour leaders. They did most of the talking at International Conferences, where they felt contempt for the opinions of others.

Just as the Kaiser and his satellites wanted to dominate the world, those German leaders wanted to lead the International Labour movement. The British workmen, who taught their splendid organisation to the workers of other lands, were by those conceited German leaders considered unfit to conduct international affairs. Were Germany to win this war Prussian militarism would weld its tyrannic chain round the Labour movement of this country. While the Kaiser and his military caste conspired for the conquest of the world, the German Labour leaders were bent on conquering the International Labour movement. The two activities supported each other, and went hand in hand from the start of this war.

Germany was not more disloyal to Belgian neutrality than the German Socialist and Labour movements were to the workers' International. The International Socialist Congress of 1910 at Copenhagen appealed to the Socialist parties "all Parliaments," to the Socialist parties "all Parliaments," to [illegible] the autonomy of an [illegible] to [illegible] defend them against every warlike attack." The German Socialist Party accepted that pledge, and boasted at all International Conferences of their strength and determination "to prevent the Kaiser making war."

Yet, in spite of that pledge and boast, the German Socialist Party supported their autocratic ruler when he gave his army the marching orders to fall upon little Belgium and to start the world-war. An impartial witness, Dr P. J. Troelstra, the Parliamentary leader of the Dutch Socialist Party, who is not biassed against Germany and the German Socialist Party declared openly that the latter "would have to answer" to the International for breaking their pledge of Copenhagen.

Dr Troelstra also wrote:—"That Imperialism influenced the German workers, and even the German Socialists, was shown sufficiently during the war. In their party and trade union organs they let their passion chiefly run against Great Britain, and they felt not disinclined to annex Antwerp."

A Heroic Example.

Only a few prominent German Socialist Labour leaders had the courage to condemn the war, which their country wantonly provoked. Dr Karl Liebknecht stands out as a heroic example. He was made to suffer in prison for his conviction like his father, when the latter protested against Prussia's attack on France in 1870.

Some people describe Dr Karl Liebknecht as an out-and-out pacifist. He is nothing of the sort. Only four years ago Dr Liebknecht said in Holland, at a meeting of Dutch Socialists—"Every Social-Democrat must defend his country in time of need." Why then did Dr Liebknecht oppose the war of his country? Simply because he knew Germany to be in the wrong, for, instead of being attacked, she ruthlessly attacked other countries which strove for peace. And, according to the statement Dr Liebknecht made four years ago in Holland, the Socialists of those attacked countries must stand by each one of them.

One of the most noted Dutch Socialist writers, M. Roland Holst, wrote at the beginning of the war:—

"When the enemy threatens the country, all national indifference, which in normal times characterises the working classes, disappears. No Imperialistic motives awaken the stormy national feelings. The workers go to war because they see therein the only means to avert the threatening or real invasion. When the enemy appears at the frontier all other feelings give way to the paramount impulse to beat him and drive him off. International comradeship is silenced, for the comrade of yesterday is the enemy of to-day. Internationalism disappears, for as a great beacon stands out the unity of compatriots. Together they suffer the terrible agonies, the anxiety for home and hearth, for wife and children, the dread of plunder and destruction, the brutality and cruelty of the enemy. Together their hearts shrink from suppressed anger and desperation. No theories hold against the force of terrible facts. Where is the man or the woman who, in face of the shocking misery caused by the enemy invasion, while around them their friends and relations are murdered, women and girls outraged, towns and villages destroyed, can cross the arms and calmly declare, 'This is a capitalistic war; it does not concern us workers?'"

Their Terrible Deeds.

Finally, the following undeniable facts should be born in mind:—

It was German workmen-soldiers who, when they had entered Belgium, started there the long series of atrocities by hanging some Belgian workmen on trees along the road to Vise.

It was German workmen-soldiers who, in the early days of their fight against the heroic little Belgian Army, shot at Battice forty-seven civilians, including women and children.

It was German workmen-soldiers who, at Tamines, killed over 650 inhabitants, and at Dinant murdered twenty-six old men, seventy-six women, and thirty-seven children.

It was German workmen-soldiers who burned Louvain and Ypres, who devastated Belgium and Northern France, pillaged, and murdered everywhere.

It was German workmen-soldiers who murdered some Belgians in a field with axes.

It was a German workman-soldier who wrote, cynically:—"Three hundred villagers were shot and the survivors requisitioned as grave-diggers. You should have seen the women at this moment!"

It was German workmen-soldiers who, at an inhuman command, in cold blood shot noble Edith Cavell and brave Captain Fryatt.

It was German people who insulted British prisoners and spat in their faces.

And it was a German workman-soldier who, in September, 1914, wrote from Belgium:—"We shall probably soon quit their country and make, as I hope, for England."

And is there anyone who doubts that if those brutes, the blind and dehumanised instruments of the Kaiser, ever set foot on British soil, they would behave in this country even more heinously than they did in Belgium, northern France, Serbia, and Roumania, carrying off to slavery in Germany many British workers whom, before the war, they beguiled as "comrades" and "brothers."

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

"The penetrating crack of an automatic pistol awoke the echoes." (A scene from a future instalment.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a British Cabinet Minister.

Von Salzinger, the military governor of Germany's secret arsenal at Borga, helps to kidnap

Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love.

Prince Von Berger, an important German official, tells Von Salzinger that Vita has been condemned to death if her father—who has escaped from Germany on his secret being discovered—eludes capture.

Salzinger persuades Vita to write to her father, who is in hiding, explaining how he and Salzinger and Vita can escape to America out of the clutches of Germany's agents. The price to be paid for their safety is the sacrifice of Vita's love for Ruxton and her promise to marry Von Salzinger. Meanwhile Ruxton Farlow is nearly crazy over Vita's disappearance; and when he learns that her father has received a letter from her—a letter which he is not allowed to read—he knows that, for some incomprehensible reason, Vita means to abandon him.

"I must leave England. There is danger—great danger in my remaining," the Prince explains to Ruxton.

Ruxton Arrives at a Great Decision.

RUXTON spent another long day and night travelling. He reached London and Smith Square in a fog, which by no means helped to lighten his mood. He visited Scotland Yard, where he spent an hour in close consultation, and when he departed thence for Buckinghamshire he was accompanied by a prominent officer. He spent several hours at Wednesford and Redwithy, and finally returned again to town.

His movements were made with a complete disregard for himself. Weary? Depressed and worn out, he admitted to himself he had no time for weariness. He was obsessed by one thought now, one thought which dominated all others. He had lost Vita. She seemed to be passing completely and finally out of his life.

On his return to Smith Square he spent the long evening alone. He would transact no business, and the faithful Heathcote was distressed; he even protested. But for once the usual amenability of his friend and employer was lost amidst a jarring irritability, and the secretary was forced to leave him to his ungracious solitude.

During that long evening alone Ruxton endured a series of mental tortures such as only the imaginative can ever be called upon to endure. Every conceivable aspect of the situation arose before his mind's eye, clad in the drab of hopelessness, until it seemed there could be no possible place for one single gleam of promise. Many of these pictures were based upon the insidious doubts which never fail to attack those in the throes of a consuming passion such as his.

At one moment he saw in the disaster which had befallen him the duplicity of a woman whose love has no depth, whose love is the mere superficial attraction of the moment, and which, under given conditions, can be flung aside as a thing of no consequence, no value. Following upon each such accusation came denial—simple, swift, emphatic denial, as he remembered the treasured moments in the little flat in Kensington; as he remembered the woman of the Yorkshire cliffs; the woman whose shining eyes had revealed the mother soul within her as she appealed for the great world of humanity with passionate denial of self. Doubts of her could not remain behind such memories. It was like doubting the rise of the morrow's sun.

What was the other view of it? He leapt back at once to his first inspiration. Treachery—treachery of the enemy. His first prompting had been that Vita had fallen into their hands. How, then, could this be made to fit in with the letter Prince von Hertzwohl had received from his daughter? At the first consideration it seemed that such fitment became impossible.

But he attacked it; he attacked it with all the vigour and imagination of a keen, resolute brain, backed by the passionate yearning of his soul. But dark mists of confusion obscured the light he sought—mists of confusion and seeming impossibility through which he must grope and flounder his way.

For a long time there seemed no promise. A dozen times hope fell headlong and died the death. But with each rebuff he started afresh at the given point that—Vita was in enemy hands, whose will she was forced to obey.

After long hours of defeat his efforts wearied. His power of concentration lessened. He found himself repeating over and over again his formula without advancing one single step.

He was growing sleepy. But something galvanised him into complete wakefulness. His weariness fell from him, and he started up in his chair alert—vigorously alert. By some extraordinary subconscious effort he had become aware that his formula had changed. He was no longer repeating it in full—only the latter portion of it—"Whose will she is forced to obey." And as he thought of them now the words rang with a new and powerful significance.

It was the spark of light he had so long sought, and it had leapt out at him from amidst the deep mists of confusion.

So it was that when eleven o'clock came, and the hall gong clanged below, Ruxton went himself to admit his visitor from Scotland Yard.

Inspector Purdie was a smiling, dark man of athletic build and decided manner. He was by no means of senior rank in his profession. But his reputation was unique amongst his colleagues. It was said of him that his record could be divided into two parts, as everybody else's could, but with this difference—his failures came during his early days of inexperience, and could be marked off with a sharp line of division. Beneath that line was nothing but a list of successes.

The two men passed upstairs to Ruxton's study, and, while he revelled in the enjoyment of one of his host's best cigars, Purdie bluntly set out the objects he sought in this late visit.

"Now, Mr Farlow," he began, "we've been on this thing some days now, and we're still groping around like a pair of babes in the wood. We've located a few bits. We've discovered certain suspicious circumstances, but nothing's led anywhere, and we're just as far off finding this Princess as if we were dodging icebergs up around the Pole. And do you know why, sir?"

Ruxton was not without ideas on the subject, but he nevertheless shook his head.

"No," he said. He was lounging in the chair which had claimed him nearly all the evening.

The other cleared his throat.

"Because you've set up a brick wall between me and the job you've set me at. The wall's high and thick, and it's plastered with Government political secrecy. You mustn't mind my speaking this way, sir. You see, you want certain work done, and I want to do it. But miracles don't concern me, and that's what you're asking of me, unless you break down that wall. With due respect, sir, it's no use asking men of my profession to disentangle a skein of fine thread and refuse to let 'em handle the skein. It can't be done; that's all."

Ruxton nodded, and the man with the smiling face went on.

"I want to know what lies behind, sir. That's what I've come here for to-night. You'll either tell me or you won't. You are the best judge of what is at stake, and whether you are justified in disclosing secrets in the hope of discovering the whereabouts of the Princess. The question is, is the discovery of her worth the risk? From the moment I began on this I saw the direction things were taking. Now, this man Vassilitz is a foreigner. All the servants of Redwithy are foreigners. The lady herself is a foreign—princess. Her record during the war tells of her Polish origin. There were three Polands—Russian, Austrian, and German. She claimed Russian, and was known by a Russian-sounding name. Her title sounds German. That's all the history of her I have got. But if I'm any judge there's a lot more, and in that additional history lies the secret of her present disappearance. Well, sir, that's my case, and I put it to you. If you cannot see your way to telling me anything more, I can hold out very little hope. I shall naturally continue to work the matter, but——"

The man was still smiling his involuntary smile, which was due to a curious facial formation. Nor could Ruxton help realising the perfect mask it became. But his demands were startling and a little disconcerting. He rose from his chair and began to pace the room, his preoccupation finding expression in the gnawing of one of his finger-nails.

The other watched him through the veil of smoke which hung upon the warm air of the room. Finally he came to a halt on the rug before the fire.

"Yes, it's political," he admitted. Then, with a curious upward jerk of his head, and a hot light in his dark eyes: "Damnably political and secret."

"Yes?"

Ruxton laughed.

"You want more; much more. You want it all." He shook his head. "But you can't have it. That's been the devil of it, eh? No, I can't tell you all you want to know. But I can tell you this much. It's your brains—our brains against all the archdevilry of the German Government, backed by no less a person than the——"

The detective gave a long, low whistle.

"It's as serious as that?" He stirred in his chair.

"Serious? It's likely to involve the death of anybody concerned. There, that's all I can say of what lies behind, and you must be satisfied, or pretend to be. Meanwhile I can tell you something which is going to be helpful to us, which I couldn't have told you if you had paid your visit an hour or so earlier. I have discovered a means by which I fancy the Princess can be rescued from these German demons."

Ruxton turned, and again flung himself into his chair. He was smiling with confidence and hope. The officer insinuated his chair nearer and waited. Every faculty was alert.

"Listen to this," Ruxton said, "and tell me what you think."

It was well past midnight when Detective-Inspector Purdie rose to take his departure. The automatic smile on his face had broadened noticeably, and Ruxton felt that now, at least, it was inspired. He, too, was smiling. His own decision had met with something more than approval from the professional.

The man had caught something of the quiet daring of the brain which had been keen enough to penetrate the meaning of certain obscure signs, and reckless enough to evolve a plan of action which promised a possibility of defeating all the trickery against which they were pitted.

"I'm glad I've come, sir," said the officer, in his blunt fashion. "I had my doubts about it. It didn't seem to offer much hope, seeing I was dealing with a Cabinet Minister who hadn't seen his way, so far, to opening out on official secrets of his own accord; and on that score, I admit, it was no use. But you've done better than that, sir. You've taught me something which twenty years of my own business wasn't able to teach me—and it's in my own line, too. I sort of feel, sir, someone's going to wake up with a horrid start, and—it won't be us. Good-night, sir, and thank you. I'll set everything in train without delay. I shall take the five men I mentioned with me when I go north to-morrow, and look to the local police for any other force we may need."

"Good." Ruxton shook him by the hand. "I'll see to the other side of it in—my own way. Good-night, and thank you for coming."

The Sweetness of Life.

Von Salzinger was in a bad mood. He was feeling the effects of close personal contact with the authority which he had been bred to acknowledge, to obey. For once in his life he realised how far short of a free-acting, free-thinking being he really was, in spite of the considerable rank of Captain General to which he had risen.

His irritation lasted all day. He had received a number of definite instructions, as though he were some insignificant underling. Von Berger had dictated his requirements. And von Salzinger was galled, galled and furious. Nor was it until Von Berger had taken his departure that he felt he could again breathe freely.

Then had come a letter by hand. It was a letter for Vita, who remained in his charge. But though he read the letter, carefully steaming it open and resealing it so that detection was well nigh impossible, and its contents proved satisfactory, still his temper underwent little betterment.

The day wore on filled with the many duties which Von Berger had demanded of him, and which he almost automatically fulfilled. He saw many callers. He held many consultations. He delivered many instructions in that harsh, autocratic manner which he resented in Von Berger. But it was not until he had dined amply in the evening, and his gastronomic senses had been indulged with an amplitude of good wine and savoury fare, that he began to forget the glacial frigidity of the man who had power to reduce his own dominating personality to the level of an anæmic lackey.

After dinner he moved out on to the terrace which fronted the dining-room. It was a splendid night, with a bright full moon. It was chilly but refreshing, and Von Salzinger, whatever else his habits might be, loved the fresh air. He paced the broad walk under the moon, and every now and then his eyes were turned upon a distant portion of the upper part of the mansion, where shone the lights of Vita's apartments. At last he seemed to have decided some momentous matter, and returned within the house and flung aside the heavy overcoat he was enveloped in.

The heaviness of his military figure was carefully toned under the perfect lines of his evening clothes. But the rigidity of his square shoulders and back would not be denied. Then, too, the shape of his head. He was Prussian, so Prussian, and every inch a soldier of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

He made his way down the long corridors which led towards a distant wing of the house, and passed on upstairs.

Vita's days had become poignant with bitterness and self-reviling. But the despair in her grey eyes had lessened, and all the youthful beauty had returned to her cheeks. Her abject dread had given place to a condition of dreary hope which left her haunted only by the hideous memory of the price she had yet to pay.

Her mood was one of self-abasement and self-loathing. She told herself that she was purchasing life, or the chance of it, with all that was best in her. She could sell herself to this brutal Prussian that she might live on to see the sun rise for a few more seasons, a few more miserable years of conscious existence.

Such were her feelings as she sat before the cheerful blaze of the fire in her apartment. The evening had closed in, her evening meal had been brought in, and finally cleared away. She had no desire for occupation. There was only thought left her—painful, hideous thought. Everything had gone awry. All plans seemed to have miscarried.

But she was roused, as once before she had been roused, from the depths of her misery by the coming of the man whom she now knew her whole future life was bound to.

She heard the door open and close. She did not turn from the contemplation of her fire. Why need she? It was one of her jailers. If it were the women she did not desire to see them. If it were Von Berger she would allow him no sight of her misery. If it were Von Salzinger——

"Vita!"

It was Von Salzinger. His manner was eager and urgent. It also had in it that suggestion of fear of detection which she had witnessed before.

"It is the answer to your letter. I had it this morning, and would have conveyed it you earlier, but I dared not risk it. Now Von Berger is away, and for the moment we are safe. So—here it is. Read it quickly and tell me of it. On it depends so much. The future. Our fortunes. Your father's. Read it."

But Vita's mood permitted no sudden reaction at the thought of that life and liberty for which she had bartered her soul. She took the letter, and before opening it her eyes searched the square features of the well-dined man before her. Her regard was sufficiently cold.

"Where has Von Berger gone?" she demanded.

"To Dorby."

In a moment the coldness had left Vita's eyes. She was caught again in the hot tide of alarm.

"To Dorby? Have they discovered—my father?"

The hard eyes of the Prussian lowered before the woman's alarm. Then his reply came, conveying a momentary confidence which Vita clung to.

"I can't be sure," he said. "But I don't think so. Still, it is that possibility which has brought me here now. That and your letter. There must be no delay if we are to get away. Von Berger has to go elsewhere before he reaches Dorby. He will not reach there until Monday. He will also leave there on Monday, and be back here on Tuesday morning. We must be on the sea before Von Berger reaches Dorby. Now—your letter. Read it."

His final order came sharply. There was no request in it.

Vita tore it open. The alarm was still in her eyes, although there had been reassurance in Von Salzinger's words.

For some moments she read down the two pages of the letter. Then she sighed in relief.

"It is all right," she said, passing the sheets across to her companion. "Read it yourself. He will meet us at the cove on Sunday evening. The submersible will be standing off to pick us up. And—the whole thing remains a secret between us. He has merely told Mr Farlow that he is going."

If she were relieved there was no enthusiasm in her manner. Safety was looming ahead, but the price was no less. The Prussian's eyes were raised from the letter, and a cold severity looked out of them and shone down upon Vita's unsmiling features.

"It is well. But—you regret?" His gross lips pouted under their severe compression.

"Regret?" Vita passed one delicate hand across her brow. It was a movement which expressed something like unutterable weariness. It was almost as if she were beyond caring for consequences. "It is more than regret," she said, and the eyes gazing up into Von Salzinger's were as hard as his own.

The man drew a whistling breath. He realised.

"I believe you hate me," he cried.

Vita shrugged.

"Hate? You are about to give me back my life."

"Yes." The man passed her back the letter. His monosyllable conveyed nothing. It was the expression of one whose thoughts and feelings are entirely preoccupied. A hot fury was surging through his veins.

"But you do hate me," he said with simple regret in his heavy voice. "And I would do anything to change that hate. Why? Why is it? It was not always so. You know the discipline under which we live. All I have done I was compelled to do. Had I not obeyed I could not be here to serve you now. Had I rebelled, and refused to carry out my duty, what hope would there be for you now? None. Farlow could not save you. No one could save you once you were in the clutches of this demon Von Berger. It is only that I have performed my share in your persecution that makes it possible to hold you out a hand of help. You are hard on me—harder than you have any right to be. You would say you are buying your life, I know. Well, do we not buy every thing in life? And do we not have to pay a price which always seems exorbitant? The price you are paying. What is it? Wifehood. A future cared for and sheltered by a strong man's hand. Behind you a memory, a memory of that which could never have been fulfilled, because you would have been sacrificed to the discipline of the country which claims you. Ach! it is unreasonable. It is ungenerous. I would give my right hand for your better regard."

But the man's appeal, his arguments, left Vita unmoved.

"Discussion is useless," she said firmly. "We have entered into an agreement which you had power to force upon me. Believe me, I shall not be ungrateful for my father's safety and my own life. But it is a business agreement which makes no demand for the modification of any regard. If my love is demanded, then you must invoke supernatural powers to bring it about. For surely no earthly power could bring about such a revulsion of my feelings. Let us keep to the business."

The hard eyes of the man had grown harder, but his lips smiled, displaying the strong white teeth behind them sharply clenched.

"Yes. To the business. That is much. To-day I have arranged those things which I could arrange. It is fortunate that your father has appointed the one day which we must have chosen ourselves. It must be Sunday night. Sunday night before Von Berger reaches Dorby. Vita, it is a pleasant thought to me that I—I can defeat this man. Ever since he came to England he has treated me like a conscript. I hate him."

Vita watching him realised the truth. She pleased and satisfied her that it was so. In her such animus between these men meant safety.

"Yes? Sunday night?"

Von Salzinger shrugged. He understood her manner.

"Listen," he said sharply. "On Saturday evening at six-thirty you must be ready to get away. At that hour you must be ready, and I will provide you with a long dark cloak for travelling. We shall go by car. We dare not risk any other means. Car the whole way, and the journey must take us precisely the twenty-four hours. Now this is it. When the moment comes I will arrange that your attendants are engaged elsewhere, and that the doors of the corridor are unfastened. You will slip out and pass down the long passage till you come to the main staircase. This you will descend, and reach the hall below. The entrance door will be open. You will pass out and down the drive. Beyond the gates a car will be standing—a cabriolet. The chauffeur will be at the wheel. Without a word you will get in the car. He will at once drive off. I shall join you at Bath, where we shall have a very late meal."

"How will you join me?"

Von Salzinger raised his brows.

"It is simple. I am in command here. My word is absolute. Within ten minutes of your going it will be discovered. I arrange this. I shall be in a fury, I shall terrify those with me. There will be three men. Among them Johann Stryj. I shall curse the women, and set about running you down. Each man will be despatched in a car to certain places, in directions you have not gone. I shall pursue you alone. So I shall come up with you at Bath. Then you will continue the journey to Dorby with me. I shall time it so we reach the—the cove, eh? at half-past six on Sunday evening. We shall travel all night."

In spite of herself, excitement was growing in Vita. The prospect of the race for liberty was alluring and exciting.

"And we go straight for the Old Mill Cove?"

"It is so. This cove. Ha, it is a strange place and—secret. It is your secret and your father's. You will have to guide me." His manner became reflective. "We know so much of the coast, yet we missed this place. It is strange. You know it and your father, but Von Berger—no. So it was that your father escaped. It amuses me now. Still Von Berger does not know. And so we shall escape. Now write your answer to that letter. I will help. We must have no hitch, for unless we get away at that moment—disaster will follow."

Vita had finally thrown off her uncompromising attitude of coldness. She was alive with a thrilling excitement. The man's plans were so simple and adequate. Her only fear was Von Berger's unexpected return. She had moved to a table where writing materials lay, and prepared to write her letter.

"Von Berger will not change his plans?" she demanded eagerly.

"He will not change them. He has been summoned to meet—— He is on the sea. He has gone to make his report. Now, write."

The next few minutes were occupied in the writing of Vita's reply to her father. It was practically dictated by Von Salzinger, as had been her earlier letter. He had left her no choice in what she must say, and, at the conclusion of the writing, read it carefully over, and finally folded it and sealed it himself. He looked on silently while she addressed the envelope to Sir Andrew Farlow. Then he took possession of it and placed it in an inner pocket.

With the completion of the letter his manner seemed to undergo a change. The smoothness, even deferential atmosphere of the man merged into one of sharp suspicion. His brows drew together, and a quick side-long glance flashed in the woman's direction, and a surly note sounded in his next words.

"It is a fool that can trust a woman—a woman in love. How do I know that your father will not betray me to this man, Ruxton Farlow? How do I know that you will fulfil your promise? You, a woman hating me, and in love with Farlow. I am mad—mad to risk it. You hate me—because I would save you and your father. If Farlow knew there would be no mercy for me. For you I am imperilling my life in every direction. Von Berger, and all he stands for, shadows me from behind. Before me is a man robbed of his love."

Vita had risen from the table. She had turned to the fire and stood leaning against the great mantel.

"Your estimate of human character need not alarm you. Remember, wanton treachery is almost as rare as the highest virtues. Men and women do not betray unless they can see some gain ahead. My father needs safety and security, not only for himself but for me. I, too, want these things. Your conditions will be fulfilled to the letter because we need your aid. Will that satisfy you? Is it commercial enough? You have set the price, and I have agreed to it. No, I am I bankrupt. It is an agreement between us, and the fact that it is not set out on paper and duly signed by witnesses makes it surely the safer."

The man's hard eyes were fixed steadily upon the beautiful face.

"Your tongue is bitter," he said in a deep, guttural tone.

"But no more bitter than my lot. Please go now. Human endurance has its limits. If you force me to mine I shall fling all to the four winds of heaven, and accept the fate marked out for me by the merciless tyrants who prevail at Berlin."

How will Von Salzinger's plans work out? Do not miss next week's instalment.

RENTON OFFICER'S FATE

Lieut. J. J. Andrew, Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Mr John Andrew, the Schoolhouse, Renton, who has died of wounds. His father and two brothers are with the colours.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

A Prominent War Worker.

Lafayette

Lady Griselda Cheape, who is at present engaged working for various war funds, is the younger daughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie. In the counties of Forfar, Perth, and Fife she is frequently a prominent figure at sales of work, and has always given hearty support to agencies of a philanthropic character. Before the war Lady Griselda was a moving spirit in the Scottish National Anti-Suffrage League.

Rapid Promotion.

Superintendent Walker, in charge of the Wishaw Division of Lanarkshire Constabulary, has accepted an appointment under the Ministry of Munitions. One of the ablest of Captain Despard's lieutenants, Superintendent Walker is a splendid example of what can be achieved in the police force to-day by a young man possessed of brains, acumen, and driving power. Since entering on his police career Superintendent Walker has in a very few years risen from the lowest rung of the ladder. As a detective officer he was entrusted with many difficult commissions, and these he discharged with a shrewdness and skill which earned for him the ready appreciation of his superiors. He is heartily to be congratulated on his new appointment.

A Versatile Police Officer.

One of the most popular police officers in the county of Dumbarton is Inspector M'Intyre, of the Milngavie Division, who is about to retire after thirty years' service. He began police duty at Derry in 1881, and five years later was appointed to take charge of Milngavie when operations were inaugurated for the construction of the Glasgow Corporation Waterworks at Mugdock. When the control of the Milngavie police passed from Stirlingshire to Dumbartonshire he was raised to the rank of inspector. In his time he has accomplished many smart captures, and is well known to pressmen in Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

Gallant Border Officer.

Among the younger Scottish officers who have greatly distinguished themselves during the war Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Craig Brown, D.S.O., of the Cameron Highlanders, takes a prominent place. This gallant officer, who is acting as temporary Brigadier-General, is a son of Mr T. Craig Brown of Woodburn, Selkirk, and has been through several campaigns. He was severely wounded in the little Sierra Leone war about 20 years ago, gained two medals and five clasps in the Boer War, and in the biggest tussle of all has won rapid promotion, been awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry, and twice mentioned in despatches.

Provost's Unique Record.

To be Provost of a burgh for a quarter of a century is a record at once honourable and unique. It is held by Provost Jamieson of Darvel, who has been civic head of that thriving lace town at the top of the Irvine Valley during the reign of three Sovereigns. The Provost holds three medals of their respective reigns, or of outstanding periods in them. Two of his sons, who were associated with him in business and were well known in West of Scotland cricket circles, have made the supreme sacrifice in the war.

A Good Appointment.

His many friends throughout Scotland are congratulating Mr Alex. Mackay, Motherwell's gas manager, on his appointment to the lucrative post of general manager of the huge gas undertaking at Stoke-on-Trent. According to Mr Arnold Bennett, the Potteries are the hub of the universe, and it will be Mr Mackay's duty to keep up the conceit of the folks of the "Five Towns" about the excellence of their nightly luminant. Mr Mackay is a native of St Mungo, and held posts there and in Montrose ere going to Motherwell. He is a past president of the North British Association of gas managers.

Illness of Lady Hume Campbell.

Lafayette.

Lady Hume Campbell, I regret to learn, has been suffering from appendicitis. Recently she has been a very active worker for agencies designed to help wounded soldiers and to provide comforts for men on the battle-fronts. Her husband, Sir John Hume Campbell, served in the South African campaign, and was wounded at the Dardanelles. He has a commodious seat at Greenlaw, Berwickshire.

Blind Aberdonian's Promotion

In the career of Mr John Keir, of Aberdeen, we have a marvellous example of that bulldog grit—characteristic of the Scottish race—which carries a man over the obstacles in his path. For Mr Keir is blind, and yet he is one of the most active public men in the silver city by the sea. He has made his mark as chairman of the School Board, a director of the Northern Co-Operative Company, a member of the Tribunal, and numerous other local bodies. He has just been appointed manager of the Aberdeen Asylum for the Blind, in which establishment he was for a long period foreman. In consequence of his new appointment Mr Keir will have to relinquish a great deal of his valuable public work.

A Patriotic Parson.

Times change, and we change with them, is the good old proverb, and if anyone had told us before the war that a minister would be licensed in a kilt he would have been laughed to scorn. But not only was Lieutenant James D. Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, licensed in the kilt, but after acting for a short time as assistant at Strathbogie, Huntly, he went to the front, and has behaved so gallantly that he has won the Military Cross.

Aberdeen Sportsman Wins Military Cross.

Formerly in the general manager's dept. of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company's office in Aberdeen, Second-Lieutenant T. C. P. Campbell, of the Gordons, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in operations in France. Lieutenant Campbell was well known in the Granite City athletic and sporting circles. For four or five seasons he was one of St Ronald's Cricket Club's most capable players, his wicket-keeping and scoring abilities being of great value to the team. The lieutenant was also one of Richmond's cleverest football players.

Sir James Patten Macdougall.

Lafayette

In connection with the scheme for the redistribution of seats it is stated that Sir James Patten Macdougall, K.C.B., will in all likelihood be appointed a member of the Boundary Commission for Scotland, England, and Wales. Sir James is a strong personality, and recalls pleasant memories of his student days at Edinburgh Academy and Christ Church, Oxford. He has studied the social question in all its aspects, and rendered valuable service as a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law and the Relief of Distress. Sir James is a well-known figure in the Capital, and spends what leisure he can at Oban, where he owns a picturesque residence.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss Lillian Gish, the famous film actress, in "The Birth of a Nation," at Glasgow Theatre Royal; (2) One of the Lyon's Trio at the Dundee King's; (3) Mr Arthur Bourchier at the Glasgow Alhambra; (4) Miss Veronica Brady at the Glasgow Pavilion; (5) Mr A. B. Mackay, manager and producer at the Metropole Theatre, Glasgow; (6) Mr Ed. E. Ford at the Edinburgh King's.

Noted Highland Navigator.

Captain Hugh Macdonald, who has been awarded the D.S.O. for gallant services on the Tigris, is the son of a West Highland fisherman, and began his nautical career in a yawl plying on Loch Fyne. Afterwards he took to deep-sea sailing, and for a time was in the service of the British India Steam Navigation Company. At the outbreak of war he was engaged in the transport service, and joined the Navy in the East. Subsequently he obtained a lieutenancy with the Royal Indian Marines, and proceeded to Mesopotamia with the Expeditionary Force. As navigating commander he was specially mentioned in connection with the relief of Kut.

To Visit Edinburgh.

Miss Mary Anderson's visit to the Empire, Edinburgh, next Saturday to play a flying matinee is a unique event in the history of the Scottish stage. She has just finished a three weeks' engagement at the London Coliseum, where she received the largest salary ever paid to an artiste, and in Edinburgh is appearing in her greatest success, "Pygmalion and Galatea." She is an established favourite in Britain. It was said that she breakfasted with Mr Gladstone, lunched with S. F. Watts, and dined with Robert Browning, while Lord Tennyson regarded her as a friend and daughter. After twelve years of success, suddenly, without any warning, Mary Anderson, at the age of thirty, decided irrevocably to retire, and quietly slipped away from the stage—a decision taken because of views that were forcing themselves upon her as to the stage as a career. Nor has she ever looked back on this decision until the war forced upon her the fact that it was every one's duty to be up and doing.

Mr Geo. Clark, of "Auld Killie."

When anything requires to be done it is usually the busiest man who can find time to do it. This maxim, at anyrate, is typified in the career of Mr George Clark, J.P., Kilmarnock. Mr Clark is Sub-Commissioner for Ayrshire under the National Service Scheme, and chairman of the Kilmarnock Infirmary Directors, who are spending £40,000 on extensions. As head of the Red Cross movement in "Auld Killie" Mr Clark has warmly interested himself in the auxiliary hospital newly opened at the Dick Institute.

Bravo, the Veteran Prof.!

Mr Richard Tomlinson, a veteran of seventy-six summers, has just offered to resume his services as cricket "prof." at Loretto School, and has been accepted. It is eleven years since Richard retired, and just over fifty since he came to Loretto; yet he can still wield a bat and ball with much dexterity and cunning. Many famous "blues" of Oxford and Cambridge, and "caps" for England and Scotland in the Rugby game have passed through his hands at Loretto. Mr Tomlinson has also done his bit in civic life, having for some years been a Magistrate in Musselburgh.

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THE TRACK.

MEN TO WATCH THIS WEEK.

The entry for the joint sports of Dumbarton and Bellahouston Harriers at Boghead (in aid of the Red Cross Funds) next Saturday are well beyond expectations. Jack Bell, the Inter-Scholastic champion, makes his first appearance as a senior in the open 100, and it is no secret that the Boghead crowd fancy him to go right through.

The backmarker, George Hamilton, is already in good condition, and Bell can hardly be expected to beat such an experienced runner. Davie Low, who so easily won the 100 at Shawfield a fortnight ago, is a much-fancied candidate, but I am depending on Soldier Willie Gutteridge to make good.

Sam Small, a local lad, who runs under B.H. colours, should not be far away in the half-mile. All the Dumbarton sports are sweet on this lad's chance.

The two miles should find Archie Craig, Jamie Wilson, and Jamie Motion fighting out the finish. The men who have just finished cross-country work should do well over the distance.

The R.F.A. five from Maryhill are expected to win the handsome prizes in the football competition, but they will have to show some form to beat the Celtic five, who I am standing by to win. Dodds, Browning, Gallagher, M'Coll, and Brown should come home.

Glasgow High School bring off their annual sports at Hampden next Saturday. Good entries have been received, and some capital performances are expected from the senior boys.

The Smyllim Sports, usually held at Lanark, has been fixed for 9th June at Celtic Park. Joe Dodds is acting as secretary, and I am asked to remind the S.A.A.A. boys that entries close on Saturday.

Homer Baker, the British half-mile champion, has retired from the track. The flying Yank met with a leg injury which finished his athletic career.

An ex-Bellahouston sprinter has been mentioned in connection with the big £100 handicap at Salford F.C. Grounds on Saturday. He is a good boy over the distance. But £100—takes some winning.

QUOITING.

BY "DISC."

The new Stevenston tournament got a good start-off with A. M'Neill and Tom M'Millan in opposition. M'Neill won a good game by nine shots—51-42—and the next to toe the line is John Glen and John Chalmers, of Kirkintilloch. This unique venture in the way of tourneys bids fair to be a great success.

The Craigneuk quoiters are forward with a challenge to the Horse Shoe Club. They'll put forward Willie M'Call against their crack man, Jamie Scott, for anything up to £15 a-side.

Clydebank failed to implement their Glasgow League engagement with St Andrew's yesterday. Were the shipworkers interested elsewhere?

There's more than one interested in Walkinshaw's scalp, and in Lanarkshire Bauldy Neilson is waiting for a date to take down his number.

The Lanarkshire single-handed championship is an event of the season, and it is down for Motherwell's ground on the 2d June. All the leading players are out to make this a real Derby Day. Champion George Davidson, of Douglas Water, is a sure starter to defend his title.

Paisley Central got through their Renfrewshire tie with Greenock 87-71. Tom Weir, of Herriothill is now advised that Hughie Winters, of Crosslee, is now prepared to give him a return game for a good stake. Get in touch with Jock Mushet, Tom, and the sooner the better.

Who says Paisley for "sports?" J. Mushet is prepared to give Stevenson, of the "Parade," a match at ten yards.

Stonehouse have got quite a rich entry for their tourney, which is one off the 16-yards mark.

The Stonehouse quoiters fancy Davie M'Neil in opposition to Jamieson, of the Grange club. The couple are sure to meet.

A. Kirkwood, of Red Row, would like a return game with Perrie, of Kirkmuirhill. Failing Perrie he'll tackle W. Pate or the best in their stables.

There's a proposal forward to play off the Scottish championship challenge match on the 23d June. This clashes with the Wylie Cup date, and St Andrew's are likely to have something to say on the matter. R. M'Bride, Galston, is the present champion, and ex-Champion Watters, of Lochgelly, is the challenger, and the match is fixed for Barrhead.

MONEY MATCH AT GALSTON.

James M'Cree, Riccarton, Kilmarnock, and James Haggarty, the secretary of Galston club, met in a challenge match for a £10 stake yesterday at Galston. The conditions were 61 shots at fifteen yards. Haggarty was the first to count, but at the second head the Riccarton man gained the ascendancy, and continued in excellent form. M'Cree maintained the lead throughout the game, which was curtailed, and finished with a big majority. Result—M'Cree, 51; Haggarty, 25.

George M'Intyre and Alex. Chalmers, Kilsyth, met Alexander Muir and Thomas Reid, Twechar, in a pitching match for £10 on Burnside Green, Kilsyth. The Twechar players took the lead at the commencement of the game, and were never pulled up. At half-game they were leading by 31 shots to 21, and they kept widening the breach afterwards, until they won by 61 shots to 42.

A. L. Morton was well under club form at the Rest match.

Joe Dodds can shoot! Ask "J. B.," Gunner, Maryhill.

Jamie Bowie had the double for the Rest, and he was only a reserve.

(It's not official, but you can take it that W. Cringan will hang up his hat at the Parndike.)

The more M'Lean is seen the better he's liked. "Tid" Thornbank, juvenile of this season is a clinker.

THE CURTAIN RINGS DOWN ON THE SCOTTISH SENIOR SEASON.

HOW THE CHAMPIONS WERE BEATEN BY THE REST OF THE LEAGUE.

CRISP COMMENTS ON ALL THE LEADING SPORTING EVENTS.

The senior football season closed in Scotland yesterday.

At Hampden Park the chief event was staged—under the auspices of the Scottish League—the champion Celtic v. The Rest. For three years now this has been the principal winding-up match in Scotland, and it reflects the outstanding superiority of the Celts in the League tournament. During the war the Celtic have practically monopolised all the honours. With the exception of the Glasgow Cup, which they missed in the fall of 1916, they have "scooped the pool," and to-day, at the end of season 1916-17, they hold all the first-class trophies.

There were quite a lot of changes. Celts without M'Stay, Gallagher, and M'Atee were hard hit, but O'Kane and Wilson were tried hands, and young M'Lean was well worth his place. From the original selection The Rest had Brownlie for Stewart and Bowie for Gourlay.

It was a capital game throughout, with the Celts leading the scoring. The Rest soon got going, and Bowie biffed the ball over. In great style Celts retaliated, and by clever footwork and fast distribution The Rest defence was fankled. M'Lean had a shot dead on luckily blocked, and Blair cleared a raker from Brown. M'Nair and Dodds were steady. They were up to every move of the Select, and from beginning to end this couple bettered the similarly placed men on the other side. With wing to wing swings The Rest made progress, and Simpson flashed in a hard shot which failed to catch the Celtic keeper. Then Bowie tested him, and Shaw did well to clear for a corner. It was a fast pace, and Shaw and his backs were kept employed. Simpson was tricky and dangerous, and although he took a lot of watching he was not just the Jocky of old. O'Kane and M'Menemy got set in a fine run, and M'Coll, chirping in, found his master in Mercer, who was all over the hope of his side. M'Nair took his side out of many a tight corner, and found many friends to applaud. Simpson was delightful on the run, and a pinch chance was lost on Ferguson, who was given offside.

It was a time before A. L. Morton came into the limelight, and Shaw turned aside a masterly effort from the Hampden favourite. From a place kick by Mercer the ball slung to the Celtic right, O'Kane moved ahead, the ball went out, and from the throw in it was crossed to M'Coll. He side-stepped, and, beating Manderson, went on, to give Brownlie no chance with a low, short-ranger. Twenty minutes gone, and Celts one up, and it can be said it was a count that they were scarcely due on play. The Rest redoubled their efforts, but the forwards didn't knit as did the Celts, and they didn't carry a first time shot as did the Celts in M'Coll. There was always a menace in the Celts' attack, whose forwards swung the ball freely and daringly. The Rest combination was rather easily upset, and Celts were undoubtedly the better offensive lot. The Rest's equaliser was quite a good goal. Simpson picked up a long pass, and cut in. Shaw came out, and gave a flag kick, and Simpson, placing perfectly, Bowie had only to nod to equalise. Both goals ran narrow escapes, and peels at one at the turnover flattered neither side.

THE WINNING GOAL.

The Rest took the lead in a matter of three minutes, and this was the way the goal was won. Bowie fixed on a pass from M'Intosh. He sent ahead to "Jocky," who squared from the line. Morton caught the sphere as it fell, sent it again to Bowie, who with a fast, rising shot, slung the ball high into the corner of the net. Celts made a bold bid for the equaliser, and Brownlie had to slip to stop a fast ball from the right. Then came a volley from Dodds, which the gunner dealt with, and again the Cathkin goalie filled the eye with a clearance from M'Lean. A Rest dash found the Celts' defence as safe as the bank, and Celts were keen to draw level.

The going was strenuous. Celts' rally merited a better result. They rubbed it in, and Manderson and Blair had their work cut out, and Gunner J. B. was not found wanting.

For the "Rest" Brownlie played to club form. The backs were on a par, and in the middle line Mercer stood out as the general of his side. M'Intosh did not impress, and Nellies was in delightful trim.

Bowie was the star forward, closely followed by Simpson. Ferguson was well watched, and neither Cairns or A. L. Morton impressed individually or as a combine.

For Celts, Shaw good, M'Nair the best defender afield, Cringan the better half, and of a good line the following were best, in the order named—M'Menemy, M'Lean, M'Coll, and Browning.

"Rest," 2; Celts, 1.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, Cringan, and Brown; O'Kane, M'Menemy, M'Coll, Browning, and M'Lean.

"Rest"—Brownlie (Third Lanark); Manderson and Blair (Rangers); M'Intosh (Dundee), Mercer, and Nellies (Hearts); Simpson (Falkirk), Bowie (Rangers), Ferguson (Motherwell), Cairns (Rangers), and A. L. Morton (Queen's Park).

The drawings amounted to £885 15s 9d exclusive of tax, representing an attendance of over 30,000.

FIFESHIRE SELECT WIN.

The opposing teams at a War Charity match at Methil were East Fife and Fifeshire Select. Both teams included players of reputation and experience in First and Second League circles. Over 2000 spectators were present. East Fife commenced well, but in front of goal they proved singularly ineffective. For the remainder of the half the standard of play was very disappointing, both teams indulging in wild kicking, and the interval arrived with no scoring.

In the second half the score was opened in the [illegible] minutes, Abbott (Raith Rovers) [illegible] place kick for the Select. A brief spell of pressure followed by the East Fife van, but despite all Duncan's (Rangers) determined efforts Neish (Raith Rovers) was saving in excellent fashion, and averted all danger. Another breakaway by the Select gave Abbott his chance, and he added a second goal. East Fife continued to press, and ultimately M'Mahon scored for them. Despite strenuous efforts, however, they were unable to get on level terms, and the final score was:—Fifeshire Select, 2; East Fife, 1.

OLD RIVALS MEET.

A capital, thorough-going junior Cup tie was witnessed yesterday on Douglas Park, Hamilton, when the old county rivals, Burnbank Athletic and Blantyre Victoria, met in the final round of the Lanarkshire Cup. In the early stages of the game play, although lively enough, was featureless. Latterly, however, exchanges were bright and clever. The first half was well advanced ere Burnbank succeeded in getting the opening goal. It came as the outcome of a bad miss by M'Kay, and Fyfe, who was lying handy, beat Anderson with an unsaveable shot. This goal was all that was needed to bring out the latent talent of the players, and the spectators were served up with an abundance of good football.

Early in the second half the Victoria came prominently into the picture, and Stewart, whose vitality and energy deserved to be rewarded, succeeded in scoring the equaliser. Once on equal terms, the teams went at it with grimness and determination. Burnbank, however, proved the more thrustful side, and Laird capped a good bit of forward play by adding a second goal. On the whole the better team won. The best players on view were:—For Burnbank—Snowdon, Primrose, Orr, Fyfe, Laird, and Smith. For Blantyre—Anderson, J. Gardiner, Bolger, R. Gardiner, and Smith. A difficult tie was handled to perfection by Mr Tom Robertson.

FORM AT TYNECASTLE.

Denbeath Star and Winchburgh Violet met at Tynecastle in the East of Scotland Junior Cup final. Stewart and Hutchison, the Denbeath backs, were prominent for brilliant kicking. Both, however, were outshone by Waddell, the Winchburgh right back, who, against the clever right wing in Innes and Cunningham, performed splendidly. In front of him Wood kept Haxton well in hand. Newbigging throughout was the dangerous man of the Denbeath forward line. He was well policed by White, and it was within twenty minutes of the close ere he scored. Five minutes later he scored again, and added two more before the close. Hutchison, Nairn, Newbigging, Innes, and Haxton were the leading lights for Denbeath; Waddell, Wood, Sutherland, and White were best for the defeated side. This is the second time the Cup has crossed the Forth Bridge.

Denbeath Star, 4; Winchburgh, 0.

BOYS AT BOGHEAD.

Glasgow Primary Schools met Dumbarton Primary Schools at Boghead. The Glasgow team, which included seven internationalists, were the heavier lot, and at the interval they led by 3-0. In the second half they added other three goals to their total.

Final result:—Glasgow, 6; Dumbarton, 0.

QUEEN'S PARK LOSSES.

During the past few days it has been announced that M'Dermid, Thorpe, and Barry, of Queen's Park, have signed for other Glasgow teams, the Rangers having secured M'Dermid, the Clyde Thorpe, and Third Lanark J. G. Barry. This kind of thing has happened before. It is not a novelty.

From the days of John Auld the same kind of migration has been taking place. Recall W. Black, James Logan, William Stewart, R. S. M'Coll James Bowie, Peter Pursell, and others. For most of these Queen's Park has been a graduating school, a stepping-stone from the land of amateurism to the plains of professionalism.

It would be absurd to condemn all or any of these young athletes for the action they have taken, but it is a trying experience for the Committee of Queen's Park, who can never feel sure that they are going to keep a first-class team together when they have built it up. Team construction under such circumstances is very disheartening.

MILITARY CARNIVAL AT DUNDEE.

Yesterday Dens Park, Dundee, was the scene of an attractive military athletic carnival on behalf of war charities. Beautiful weather prevailed, and the attendance would number between four and five thousand. Splendid sport was witnessed, and record entries were received from the various battalions in the district, representative of Scottish and English regiments.

An interesting feature was a six-round boxing competition between Darky Billy Smith, a champion from the Glasgow Physical Culture School, and Chic Wallace, the Dundee champion. The contest was disappointing. In the first round both were feeling their way, but in the second the bout was very unequal, the darky proving too strong for his opponent. Wallace received some hard knocks and was floored several times. The referee declared Smith the winner.

The final of the 100 yards military sprint was productive of a close race. Lance-Sergeant Barber, T.R.B., won narrowly in 11 secs. dead, with Bugler-Major Brown, P.R.B., second, and Private Black, Renfrewshire Yeomanry, third.

The military boxing contests were also productive of good sport. In the feather-weight Sergeant Perry, C.R.B., proved the best man, and in the final knocked out Lance-Corporal Gowans, H.C.B., in the third round. The welter-weight was won by Lance-Corporal Tolliday, P.R.B., who beat Private Liptrott, D.L.O.Y.

Ten runners started in the mile flat race. Sergeant D. R. Steele, P.R.B., won by two yards, the second being Lance-Corporal Jones, L.H.Y., and the third Company-Sergeant-Major Ryan, P.R.B.

The five-a-side football competition confined to the military was an attractive feature. The winners were the 78th D.R.B., who beat the Black Watch by two goals and one corner to two goals. Sergeant Brown, Dundee, played for the Black Watch, and in the first round of the contest scored no fewer than six goals. The football works competition was won by Ward Foundry, by one goal to nil against Caledon A.

The other events were as follows:—Relay Race—1 79th P.R.B., 2 78th T.R.B. One Mile Cycle Race—1 Private Elder, Cupar. Tarowing the Hammer—1 J. Donald, Dundee; 2 J. Nicolson, Dundee. Putting the Ball—1 J. Nicolson, 42 ft. 10 in.; 2 J. Donald, 40 ft. 8 in.

WHIPPETING.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A 190 yards handicap, which produced 180 entries, was run at Powderhall, Edinburgh, yesterday in twenty-seven heats. Finalists—Lee's (Leith) Cheero (37), Watt's (Edinburgh) Scotch Rose (34), Grant's (Fauldhouse) Little Nancy (39), Coventry's (Wemyss) Buller (35). Final—(£8) Rebel; others 10s each. Betting—3 to 1 on Rebel, 4 to 1 against Scotch Rose, 6 to 1 Cheero, 10 to 1 Buller and Little Nancy. A good race. Won by inches. Time—10½ secs.

LOCHGELLY MEET.

A handicap was run yesterday before a large crowd. Result:—1 Mr Graham's (Wemyss) Scotia (12½), won by two feet; 2 Mr Ford's (Dunfermline) Pride of Liscorral (10½); 3 Mr Patterson's (Dundonald) Daisy Bell (11½); 4 Mr Skelding's (Cowdenbeath) Duk Second (8½). Betting—2 to 1 on Scotia.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

More than ordinary interest was centred in yesterday's racing on the Coatbridge grounds, and there was an increased attendance. Excitement ran high during the final rounds in the previous week's handicap, for which £16 had been offered in prize money. This event proved the most framed handicap since the institution of the grounds. Five dogs were bracketed together, and other seven one yard worse. Results:—First semi-final—1 Dean's Sun Queen (37), 2 M'Cracken's Black Pollo (40). Second semi-final—1 Allan's Black Swan (39), 2 Gallagher's Chapelhall Lem (39). Final—1 Black Swan, 2 Sun Queen. Betting—Evens Sun Queen, 3 to 1 others. Magnificent finish. The dogs approached the tape in a cluster, and Black Swan secured the verdict with less than a foot to spare. Twenty heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Taylor's Pup (45), M'Guire's Skirabout (40), M'Cabe's Black Knight (45), M'Ghie's Bramble Boy (37), Thomson's Minnie (42), Kinney's View Law (32), Sloan's Nacherty Lass (40), Gourie's Vesta Tilley (44), Smith's Harry (39), Carr's Sir Edward (36), Geddes' Gloopy (38), Sneddon's Sir (44), Gibson's Go Easy (39), Duffy's Hop In (37), Leach's Highland Mary (26), Dickson's White Feet (38), Clark's Blood Mixture (31), M'Crossan's Lily (39), Spence's Redwood (30), Thomson's Miss Starlight (40).

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

WAR FUNDS MATCH.

Celtic, ... 1 Rest of Scotland, .. 2

RED CROSS FUNDS.

Ayr United, ... 4 Stevenston United, 2

WAR FUNDS.

East Fife, ... 1 Fifeshire Ass. Select, 2

STIRLINGSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—SEMI-FINAL.

California Celtic, .. 2 Kilsyth Rangers, .. 2

LANARKSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.

Burnbank Athletic, 2 Blantyre Victoria, .. 1

EAST OF SCOTLAND CUP—FINAL.

Denbeath Star, ... 4 Winchburgh Violet, 0

BENEFIT MATCH.

Glasgow Ass. Select, 1 Shettleston, ... 0

RENFREWSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.

Renfrew Juniors, .. 3 Port-Glasgow Juniors, 1

GLASGOW JUVENILE CUP—SEMI-FINAL.

Northern Albion, .. 0 Parkhead White Rose, 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Maryhill, ...	0	Ashfield, ...	1
Petershill, ...	3	Rutherglen Glencairn,	1
Benburb, ...	4	Strathclyde, ...	1
Larkhall Thistle, ...	1	Cambuslang Rangers,	1
Clydebank, ...	2	Pollok, ...	1

YESTERDAY'S RACING AT LIMERICK JUNCTION.

3.0.—SOLOHEAD HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE—One Mile Six Furlongs.

Donnybrook (C. Aylin), ... 1
Larch Hill (Mr P. Nugent), ... 2
Miss Devlin (Mr B. Kirkby, jun.), ... 3
12 ran.

Also ran—Allermaston (Mr A. Stubbs), Mountain Pass (W. Smith), Miss Rivers (Mr M. Kirby), Scotch Wolf (J. Hogan), Gainthorpe (Capt. Storie), Supremacy (Mr J. Murphy), Pastures New (H. Hartt), Symont (Joe Canty), Maroc (T. Costello).

Betting—6 to 1 Allermaston and Mountain Pass, 5 to 1 Donnybrook, 10 to 1 Larch Hill and Scotch Wolf, 5 to 1 Gainthorpe, 10 to 1 Supremacy, Pastures New, and Symont, 8 to 1 Miss Devlin, 20 to 1 others.

Scotch Wolf and Gainthorpe fell.

3.30.—COUNTY PLATE (Flat Race)—One Mile and a Half.

Mr Julia (M. Beary), ... 1
Green Button (V. Smyth), ... 2
Manister Bridge (Joe Hartt), ... 3
7 ran.

Also ran—Gallipolis (T. Burns), Ashworth (C. Aylin), Mr Julia (M. Beary), Chirrup (J. Dines).

Betting—5 to 1 Mr Julia, 5 to 2 Green Button and Manister Bridge.

4.0.—FLYING HANDICAP PLATE—Seven Furlongs.

Sikh (R. Crisp), ... 1
Leddison (J. Hartt), ... 2
Lady Palotta (V. Smyth), ... 3
12 ran.

Also ran—Le Connetable (J. Patman), Holy Mac (G. Wedgwood), Friarstown Lass (C. Foy), Leddison (J. Hartt), Fairlight (T. Burns), Princess Pat (J. Dines), Feodorovna (H. Beasley), Vagabond (Joe Dawson), Sand Martin (J. Donnelly), Manister Kitty (E. M. Quirke).

Betting—100 to 7 Sikh, 6 to 1 Holy Mac, 6 to 1 Friarstown Lass, 4 to 1 Leddison, 10 to 1 Lady Palotta, 6 to 1 Fairlight, 4 to 1 Princess Pat, 8 to 1 Vagabond and Sand Martin, 25 to 1 others.

Won easily.

4.30.—OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Forty-One (P. Lynch), ... 1
Loch Dan (T. Burns), ... 2
Hello Kelis (C. Foy), ... 3
10 ran.

Also ran—Canny Bird (E. Houlehan), Tonga (S. Hanley), Miss Spinnaker (R. Crisp), Right Line (F. Hunter), Aquamarine (G. Wedgwood), Patent (V. Smyth), Little Nash (E. Haynes).

Betting—6 to 1 Forty-One, 4 to 1 Loch Dan, 3 to 1 Hello Kelis.

5.0.—TALLY-HO PLATE (Flat Race)—Two Miles.

Kate's Brother (Mr H. Beasley), ... 1
Sea Cook (H. Beasley), ... 2
Armoury (Jas. Gluson), ... 3
13 ran.

Also ran—Clever Mac (Capt. Storie), Marchef (H. Hartt), Paul Nana (M. J. Hartt), Knotty Ash (Mr P. J. Beary), Rowlestown (C. Aylin), Madam Gladagh (Mr J. Coghlan), The Tenter (G. Wedgwood), Shotmaker (Mr F. Cuthill), Sunville (Mr B. Kirby, jun.), Draughty (Mr W. J. Parkinson).

Betting—4 to 1 Kate's Brother and Madam Gladagh, 5 to 2 Sea Cook, 6 to 1 Draughty, 100 to 8 others.

5.30.—BALLYKISTEEN PLATE (Flat Race)—About Six Furlongs.

La Somna (J. Beary), ... 1
Orb (V. Smyth), ... 2
Miss Flapperton (M. Beasley), ... 3
8 ran.

Also ran—Steep Holm (Joe Hartt), Solid Gold (M. Halpin), Reilt (W. Williams), Tore (P. Kearney), Foxdale (E. M. Quirke).

Betting—9 to 4 Steep Holm and Orb, 6 to 1 La Somna and Miss Flapperton, 100 to 8 others.

Won by half a length; six lengths between second and third. Foxdale did not reach the post in time to start.

BOXING.

THE SCOTTISH TEN-STONE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A contest of considerable importance has been ratified, Bill Smith, of Glasgow, and Ted Lester, of Aberdeen, signing articles whereby they agree to box for the 10 st. championship of Scotland at the Scottish National Club, on Monday, June 11. Since Jack Turner retired the question of the 10 st. title has never been settled, and the matching of Smith and Lester will enable us to hail a new champion, for the pair named are easily the best Scots at the weight.

The match was made as a result of the challenge made by Smith and Lester through the "Post." When Jack Turner held the title that weight was recognised as the light-weight limit. In England and Wales 9 st. 9 lbs. is now the light-weight limit, and for that reason the match on June 1 will not be recognised by all authorities as for the Scottish light-weight championship. It is, however, a genuine contest for the 10 st. title, and one of the best bouts ever seen in Glasgow should be the outcome. Smith will train at Dan Duniop's place, the Glasgow Amateur Club, while Lester will get fit at Ripon, where his regiment is stationed.

TANCY LEE INTERVIEWED.

Tancy Lee left Waverley Station, Edinburgh, yesterday morning for London, where, at the Holborn Stadium, he will meet Louis Ruddick, Leeds, in a fifteen rounds contest to-morrow night.

Interviewed by the representative of the "Post" prior to his departure, Tancy said—"Just tell my many friends, through the medium of your valuable paper, that I am in the pink of condition, and expect to win. I am quite well, and as strong as could be. There are no weight worries, you see. Victory this time will, maybe, mean much to me, and I am going all out from the very start. I expect to win a good fight."

WHO'LL MEET HIM.

Seaman Jim King, a Glasgow boxer, now in the Royal Navy, who has done a considerable amount of boxing in the past at Glasgow and Newcastle, and has met some good men, is now located not far from London, and would like to keep his hand in by the aid of a contest or two. He mentions Bob Spencer and Kid Plested as possible opponents, but is willing to meet any second-class welter-weight over any number of rounds at Gillingham or elsewhere.

FLYNN'S CHALLENGE.

Corporal Dan Flynn, the Scottish cycling champion and all-round athlete, who recently defeated Sergeant Harry Curson at the Club, is sighing for new worlds to conquer, and he can be matched to box any light heavy-weight in England for from £50 to £250 a-side. He thinks this offer should appeal to Private Joe Beckett's backer, and if the last-named falls in with the suggestion a generous purse will be offered by the management of the Holborn Stadium.

Beckett's backer, Mr Bernard Mortimer, has wired acceptance on the terms of the Scot's challenge for £250 a-side.

A boxing club in Glasgow was raided this week, but the search for shirkers produced no results.

Billy Welsh, the Lesmahagow bantam, joined the navy on Thursday.

Jack M'Cusker, the Belfast welter-weight, has arrived at a war hospital in Huddersfield.

Had Sid Shields beaten Lewis Williams he would have been matched with Johnny Hughes.

Peter Jackson, of Blackfriars, will box Sid Shields, of Glasgow, fifteen or twenty rounds for the best purse.

Emory Titman, Philadelphia millionaire, who is so big that ordinary scales will not register his weight, has taken over the affairs of Eddie O'Keefe, the Philadelphia bantam-weight fighter, and will endeavour to pilot him to a championship.

The proposed match between Fox and Symonds for the bantam-weight championship will take place, after all, this season, it is good to know. Fox, who has been transferred to the Middlesex Regiment, has intimated that he could see his way clear to accept the match, and forthwith signed up for the contest to take place on June 4.

CRICKET.

GREENOCK v. NOMADS.

An interesting game was played at Glen Park between teams representing the above, in showery weather. The play on the whole was very close. John Kerr was top scorer for Greenock with 41, being caught by M'Indoe, with G. P. Walker with 12 and Lieutenant R. N. Adam with 10. Total for Greenock, 91.

The Nomads scored 83, Lieutenant M'Cubbin with 29, Private Davidson with 14, and R. M'Indoe and J. W. Wright with 12 each. Greenock won a good game by 8 runs.

WEST OF SCOTLAND v. BABCOCK & WILCOX.

West of Scotland—O. M. M'Alister, b Duncan, 3; C. M. Ross, b Northrope, 14; C. A. Johnston c and b H. Nixon, 2; R. C. Barber, b Northrope, 11; H. Park, b Oakes, 10; J. M. Henderson, b Oakes, 1; D. Wren b Northrope, 0; F. Farre b Oakes, 15; M. Bruce, c Collie, b Northrope, 0. Lieutenant Douglas, not out, 2; extras, 7—total, 64. Babcox & Wilcox—G. Collie, c Park, b Payre 1; J. Welford, b Kerr, 13; J. Oakes b Ross, 66; Sergeant Tilman, b Barr, 3; W. Northrope, run out, 3; A. Lewis, lbw, b Barber, 6; J. Fox, b Douglas, 10; R. Reid, not out, 11; R. Reid, c Fayre, b Ross, 0; J. Kerr, not out, 1; extras, 6—total, 125.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A mile handicap and a sixty yards scratch race were run at Powderhall yesterday afternoon, the former producing 87 entries and the latter 102. Results:—Mile Handicap (£5)—R. Williams, Bonnyburn (120); (15s) F. Connelly, Whitburn (135); (5s) J. Bathgate, Tovahill (110). Betting—Evens on Williams, 3 to 1 against Connelly, 4 to 1 Bathgate, 10 to 1 bar three. Fifty-three ran. Won by 15 yards, with a foot between the second and third. Time—4 min. 32 secs.

Sixty Yards—Final (£5) J. Collins, Musselburgh (15); (15s) J. Fleming, Edinburgh (11½); (5s) J. Martin, Edinburgh (14). Betting—5 to 4 on J. Collins, 6 to 4 against Fleming, 5 to 1 against M. Collins, Musselburgh (15), 6 to 1 Martin. Won by a foot; inches between second and third. Time—6 4-5 secs.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (receives 1000), ...		9510
INMAN, ...		4151

Play was discontinued owing to Inman's indisposition.

THE WAR AND PEOPLE'S HEALTH.

COMPLAINTS THAT ARE COMMON.

100,000 FREE BOOKS BY FAMOUS DOCTOR.

The calling up of more doctors is revealing the fact that the war is causing casualties at home as well as on the battlefield.

Doctors are as busy as they can be, and their reports show the prevalence of many forms of ill-health due to the stress and strain of nearly three years of war.

A TIMELY OFFER OF HEALTH HELP.

To-day's announcement of the generous offer of 100,000 free copies of a "Health Guide Book" is, therefore, a most timely one. Any reader may secure a copy gratis by sending 1d. stamp for postage of this health-helpful book.

This offer is bound to meet with a ready acceptance, for even persons who had "never before suffered an ache or a pain," as they put it, are to-day troubled with some sign of war-time's severe wear and tear of the health.

Many hitherto hearty eaters attribute their trouble either to the "war bread," the shortage of potatoes, or to other dietary changes or restrictions.

COMPLAINTS MOST PREVALENT.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt that the anxieties of the times also play no small part in lowering the constitutional vitality. When this condition arises the bodily health is bound to suffer. The strain is felt at each individual's weakest part. Thus some suffer from—

—Indigestion	—Lack of Energy
—Loss of Appetite	—Low Spirits
—Liverishness	—Sleeplessness or unrefreshing sleep
—Constipation	—Nervous Weakness
—Rheumatism	—Nameless Fears
—Gout	—Lack of Self-Confidence
—Sciatica	—Heart Weakness
—Lumbago	—Kidney Troubles
—Chest or Lung Weakness	

Most helpful advice on such and other complaints is given in the free "Anti-Lancet Health Guide," offered gratis to the first 100,000 persons who apply for it on the following "Sunday Post" Coupon.

The "Anti-Lancet Health Guide" clearly defines the methods of treatment (in many diseases) which were so long and successfully employed by that brilliant medical man, Dr Charles Rooke.

This popular doctor was the originator of several world-famous prescriptions, particulars of which are given in the "Anti-Lancet."

A DOUBLE FREE OFFER.

Every reader is also free to try Dr. Rooke's famous Oriental Pills for Indigestion and all troubles arising from Lowered Vitality. These pills were one of Dr. Rooke's greatest discoveries during his Eastern travels and researches, and, being powerfully tonic in their action, are a perfect remedy for nerve-strain and other war troubles. Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills cure all Stomach and Liver Disorders, and (1) free the blood from body poisons; (2) act as Constitutional tonic, giving every organ full functional vigour. Readers who enclose a second 1d stamp or 2 penny stamps for both, will receive

(1) A Copy of Dr. Rooke's Free "Anti-Lancet Health Guide."
(2) A Trial Supply of Dr. Rooke's famous Oriental Health Tonic Pills.

For Readers' convenience the following

FREE "SUNDAY POST" COUPON

may be sent to
Dr. CHAS. ROOKE, LTD. (162), LEEDS.

Sirs,—I accept the offer announced in the "Sunday Post," and enclose.

1d stamp for Dr. Rooke's Free Anti-Lancet Health Guide (or)

2d stamps for above and Free Trial Supply of Dr. Rooke's Oriental Health Tonic Pills with "Directions." I shall also be pleased to receive particulars of your other preparations.

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

.....

£50 has been paid for a London penny of the period of the Empress Matilda (daughter of Henry I.) at a sale in London, and a "treble sovereign" of 1644 realised £15 10s.

It's All Wrong

Tobacco Users: Attention!

Some people think they must smoke or chew to soothe their nerves, to get stimulation or for sociability. Eminent physicians agree that tobacco is a cause of cancer, blindness, heart failure, gastritis, insomnia, nervousness, irritability, and even insanity! Most indulgers of the "fragrant weed" do not realise these dangers.

A very interesting book has been compiled by Edward J. Woods, 10, Norfolk-street, 628 T.E., London, W.C. 2, proving the injury done by tobacco and why there is no necessity to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to stop voluntarily. Best of all, it shows how tobacco habit can be easily overcome in three days with delightful benefit. The author, who is a business man of wide experience, desires to help those who wish to rid themselves of tobacco habit, and a book and circulars will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone who writes to him and mentions the name of this paper.

If you want tranquillity of nerves, greater efficiency, better health, and a new lease of life, so get rid of tobacco habit.—Advt.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

PROMISING INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The Stock Markets have been on low diet as regards business, except in the case of a few specially-favoured sections. There is, however, every justification for looking to the future with hope.

In the first place, the War news is good, and developments in Russia are of a distinctly reassuring character.

But what is even more tangible as regards immediate prospects is the fact that early in June enormous sums of money arising from War Loan dividend and other payments will be disbursed, and that, even after allowing for the large sums which will be diverted in Exchequer Bonds, &c., a very considerable amount is bound to filter back into the Markets for reinvestment.

The War Loan will be paid up in full after the end of the present month, and another disturbing factor will thus be got rid of.

GRAND TRUNKS—A WORD TO HOLDERS.

It is not so much the volume of sales as the narrowness of the market which is responsible for the further fall in Grand Trunks, resulting in declines in the values of the junior Securities of from about 7 points downwards in the space of three weeks.

There can be no doubt that the decline is being overdone, and there is no reason to suppose that the Dominion Government will adopt really confiscatory measures in connection with the proposed nationalisation of the Railway.

PROMISING INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCES.

Inventors in search of promising Industrial holdings might do worse than devote attention to the Preference issues of the various Companies which have lately been chiefly in the public eye.

The British and Argentine Meat Company, for obvious reasons, is not in particularly good odour just now, but the Preference shares have some attractions, from the investment point of view, especially as, in addition to the fixed dividend of 6 per cent., they are entitled to a share in the surplus profits. Consequently, for each of the last two years they have received 8½ per cent. dividend; and they cannot, therefore, be called dear even at their present enhanced price of 20s 3d.

Elder-Dempsters are paying 10 per cent. dividend on their Ordinary shares for the past year, as against 9 per cent. for 1915, and their Six Per Cent. Cumulative Prefs., at under 20s, are a good holding of the kind.

RUBBER COMPANIES AND EXCESS PROFITS.

Directors' reports of Rubber Companies have lately been following each other in quick succession, and make a somewhat varied showing, as a result of the incidence of the Excess Profits Duty. One of the Companies which has been very severely hit thereby is the Lanadron, so much so, in fact, that the dividend for the past year has had to be reduced to 10 per cent., less tax, compared with 25 per cent. for 1915.

The reports of the Java Companies, on the other hand, make a much better showing, and the market is more particularly in favour at present of Anglo-Java, as around 7s, on the distribution of 35 per cent. for the past year, so that the present yield of the shares is over 10 per cent. per annum. Generally, however, the Rubber Market will not be able to settle down until the burden of the Excess Profits Duty is more equitably distributed, and, consequently, the appeal of the Merlimau Rubber Estates against the assessment of Duty of over £100,000 for the three years to the end of 1916 will be watched with the greatest interest, and will form a test case for other Companies in the same boat.

OILS AWAITING DIVIDENDS.

The Scottish Oil dividends are now coming forward, and that of the Pumpherston Company proved an agreeable surprise. The chief interest of the market, however, at present centres in the forthcoming Shell and Royal Dutch announcements. As mentioned here last week, the balance of opinion is against any increase in the Shell distribution.

In the case of the Royal Dutch Company, it would not be surprising if the balance dividend were reduced to 31 per cent., being 46 per cent. for the past year, as against 34 per cent., making 49 per cent. for 1915. This is due to the fact that a capital of 75½ million florins now ranks for dividend, as compared with less than 57 million florins a year ago.

KAFFIRS FIRMING UP.

The Randfontein Central strike, although merely a storm in a tea cup, caused some weakness in Kaffirs, and it is satisfactory that the Barnato management have at once settled it. Another settlement, that of the Bewaarplaatsen, on the Rand, has also created a favourable impression, and the Rand Mines balance-sheet has been received favourably. Modderfonteins generally have been good, and Daggafontein are on the upgrade.

In Rhodesians, Chartered shares have been quiet, but Tanganyika have advanced in anticipation of large profits from Copper returns of the Union Miniere.

RISE IN BARRIERS LED BY BRITISH BROKEN HILL.

An almost general advance has been caused in Barriers by the favourable report with regard to the British Broken Proprietary, which has paid 1s dividend, and is expected to yield more. These shares have risen about 3s, while Zinc Corporation have advanced to 20s 6d, also in anticipation of big profits, which seem to be assured. Other Barriers have sympathised, but Burma Corporation are lower. Russians have fluctuated a good deal, and finally are below the best, even Russo-Asiatics being 1s 8d under the highest point touched.

COUPLE OF DAYS' COURTSHIP.

SOLDIER WHO POSES AS SINGLE MAN

LEAVES GIRL WAITING IN CROWDED CHURCH.

Humorous Revelations in Irish Court.

Cork, Saturday.

An amazing story of how a married soldier proposed to a young lady in Cork, was accepted, ordered a lavish wedding breakfast, borrowed £8 from the lady, and then failed to turn up at the church, was told at the Cork Quarter Sessions.

The accused was Sidney Dyer, a private in the Royal Field Artillery, who was charged with having obtained £8 from Ellen M'Sweeney by false pretences.

Mr Anthony Carrol, Crown Solicitor, said the accused went to Monkstown and met Miss M'Sweeney, who kept a cafe there. A courtship ensued, and it was arranged that they were to be married on the 6th March. He became engaged to her, and he went to the priest with her. It was then arranged that the marriage should take place on the following Saturday, but Miss M'Sweeney, thinking that the day would be unlucky, had it changed to the following Tuesday. He came back from Canon Fahy's and said Tuesday at twelve o'clock would be all right.

On Monday, 5th March they went to Cork, and the accused brought Miss M'Sweeney to an hotel and, introducing his intended, ordered the wedding breakfast. He told Miss Leech to have the best, and he had the best of Miss Leech, for she got the breakfast ready and got a wedding-cake which cost a couple of pounds. On Tuesday at Monkstown a crowd collected at the church, but the accused never turned up.

To Pay the Priest.

The day before the date fixed for the wedding Miss M'Sweeney drew £9 out of the Savings Bank, and the accused said it would not look well for her to pay the priest—it was the man should do it. He got £8, but he never turned up to keep his promise, and the Canon never got any money. It would be proved that the accused was married in Ballinasloe on the 1st March, 1915, to a woman named Mary Burke, who was still alive.

Miss M'Sweeney gave corroborative evidence. The accused said he would like to lodge in Monkstown, and arranged to stay at her house. He was only two days in the house when he said he would like to marry her, and she took him to the priest.

The Recorder—That is steeplechasing speed. (Laughter.)

Mr Carrol—We are in a new age now, your Honour. (Laughter.)

The Church was Crowded.

In the course of her evidence the witness said the church was crowded on the day fixed for the marriage. (Laughter.) On the day before the accused took away her wristlet watch while he was getting his own repaired. She never got that back, nor did she get payment for his board and lodging. He stayed a week.

The Recorder—He must have been very much attached to you. (Laughter.)

Accused cross-examined the witness at considerable length, and she admitted that she did not identify him at first when he was placed amongst a number of other soldiers as he was disguised. On the first day the accused went into her shop to get some cigarettes.

Accused—And it took you nearly an hour and a half to get them. (Laughter.) Because you wanted to be talking at the counter. (Laughter.)

Did I go back a second time to your house that day?—Yes.

Why?—I don't know. I suppose you were admiring me. (Laughter.) I did not ask you back.

The Canon's Evidence.

Canon Fahy, P.P., Monkstown, deposed to the accused and Miss M'Sweeney visiting him and arranging as to the day of the marriage. He told the prisoner that he would have to get a certificate of baptism and a certificate that he was free to marry. He (witness) never mentioned anything about money—he left that to Miss M'Sweeney. He would marry her without getting a farthing.

Miss M'Sweeney—Thank you, father.

The prisoner, in the course of a long statement to the jury, denied that he had received any money from Miss M'Sweeney.

In reply to a juror, he said he had been at the front and was wounded.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the Judge said his record was a bad one. There were twelve convictions against him, and sentences varying from six strokes of the cat in 1905 to a year's imprisonment in 1914 were imposed for larcenies and obtaining money and goods by false pretences. The Court could not, for the sake and the protection of society, let a man of such criminal propensities to roam about. The sentence to be imposed in the present case would be three years' penal servitude.

SHOWER DAY AT INVERNESS.

Provost's Telegram to Queen Mary.

Inverness, Saturday.

Queen Mary's birthday was celebrated today with great enthusiasm in the Highland Capital, being observed as Shower Day. The Mackintosh, Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire; Provost MacDonald, and other leading citizens took part.

Provost MacDonald sent the following telegram to Queen Mary:—"We, Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and citizens of the Royal Burgh of Inverness, congratulate Your Majesty on your birthday, and we are celebrating it by shower of gifts and comforts for wounded troops, which we offer to Your Majesty as humble present."

How English Army Officer's Widow Killed all Her Superfluous Hair.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT SHE OFFERS FREE FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW SHE ERADICATED HIDEOUS GROWTHS ON FACE AND ARMS AFTER 20 YEARS' FAILURES WITH ELECTRICITY, LIQUIDS, POWDERS, AND PASTES.

Remarkable Secret of the Hindoo Religion, now Exposed Freely for the First Time, Enables any Lady to be Rid of Superfluous Hair for Ever.

Through the generosity of Mrs Frederica Hudson, widow of a Surgeon in the Indian Army, any lady can now secure quick, complete, and permanent relief from the curse of Superfluous Hair.

Here is Mrs Hudson's story:—"For years I was sorely afflicted with a heavy moustache, several tufts of beard, and a hideous hairy covering on my arms. Like many others, I wasted a small fortune on the various preparations advertised, all of which made my growth all the worse. I also submitted to the terrible electric needle, but found that for every hair thus destroyed at least two came back in its place. My husband, who was Major in the British Army in India, discovered (as any one can learn by consulting the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and other standard works) that Hindoo women are forbidden by their religion to have hair on any part of the body except their head. Even the faintest trace of hair on lip, chin, or arms would be over ostracised a Hindoo woman. The Hindoo method of destroying hair, however, has always been a closely guarded religious secret, but just before his own death my husband saved the life of a converted Native Soldier, and persuaded him to reveal the secret of the Hindoo Hair Destroyer. My husband gave me the entire formula. I tried it. The very first application made the hair weak and withery-looking. In a few days the hair entirely disappeared, and since then I have never had a trace of hair to shave. And so, having found that this remarkable remedy absolutely killed my heavy moustache, the coarse tufts of hair on my face, and the heavy covering on my arms, from which I suffered 20 years' humiliation, I want every woman to have the benefit of the secret which my husband secured for me.

"So write me to-day, sending me the coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address (please state whether Mrs. or Miss), together with two penny stamps for postage, and I will send you, free, full and complete instructions, so that you need never have any trace of superfluous hair to annoy you again for the rest of your life. I will also send you, free, other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Address as below."

FREE COUPON Good for immediate use only by readers of the "Sunday Post" when sent with two penny stamps for postage.

Mrs HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair; also, additional particulars of other beauty secrets as soon as ready.

Above coupon or copy of same, with your name and address and 2d. stamps, to be sent to Frederica Hudson, Suite 255 N, No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and to the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

EE If your child is fretful, try a EE

STEEDMAN'S POWDER

It will relieve him

These Powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic, but they act gently on the bowels and relieve feverish heat, thus preventing fits, convulsions, etc

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVED

EE EE

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 639 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING	
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS	
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN MEDICAL TREATMENT	SANATORIA AND HAD FAILED.
—BLOOD SPITTING	—DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH	—QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA	—NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS	—RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS	—CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA	—EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

When it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" unquestionably saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr. G. Ward, Brentwood, Essex, who is a Male Nurse in charge of the Hospital Ward, writes as follows:—"The Patient, whose cough and breathing were very bad indeed, and who suffered from night sweats and lung trouble, had already paid 25s for a month's treatment of a so-called remedy, but I must say not half the relief was obtained from the whole of that treatment as the first dose of 'Liquifruta' gave. The results were most wonderful, and I only wish for the sake of others that I had known the remedial properties contained in 'Liquifruta' some three years ago, for I had twelve cases of Consumption under my charge, to whom the doctors could render no visible relief, and to whom 'Liquifruta' would have been more than a mercy."

Just what happened to this Patient, who suffered from Consumption, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

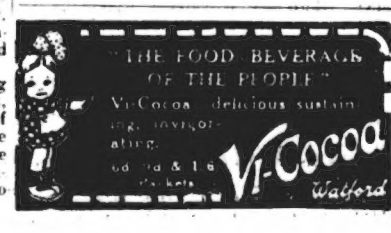
"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 880 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 639 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, are the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.



WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of Life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

70-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

£5 5/-

Outer Covers (guaranteed), from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

WHAT A PLACE TO BOMB!

What a place to bomb! This was the impression made upon Mr J. M. de Beaufort when he visited Wilhelmshaven. Apart from the Dockyards and the Zeppelin sheds, there are arsenals and barracks and a naval observatory. There is a tremendous system of railways, but, says Mr de Beaufort, I was told that the Krupp anti-aircraft guns placed on all important points along the coast are so formidable that a large attack is a practical impossibility.

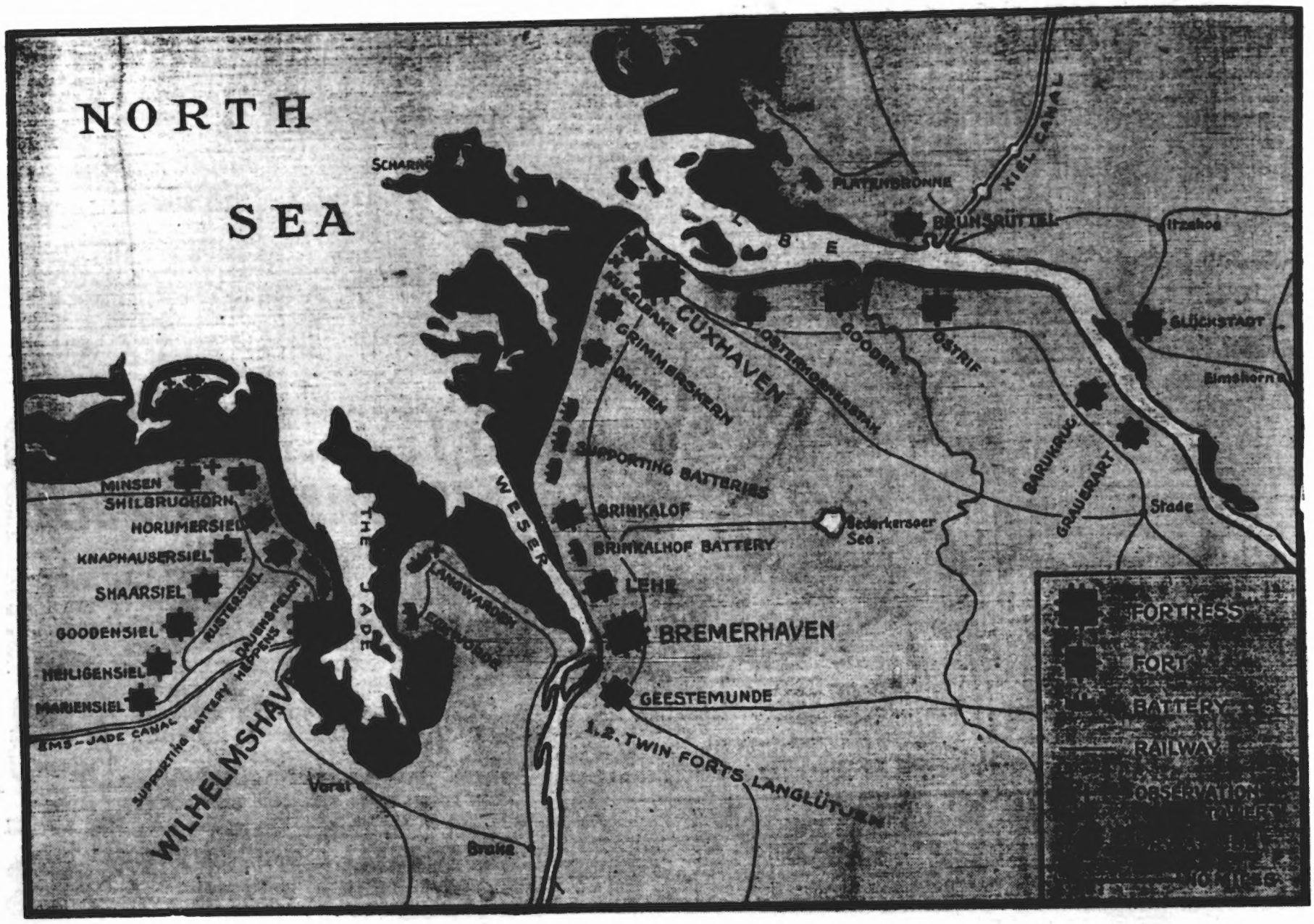
The Post Sunday Special

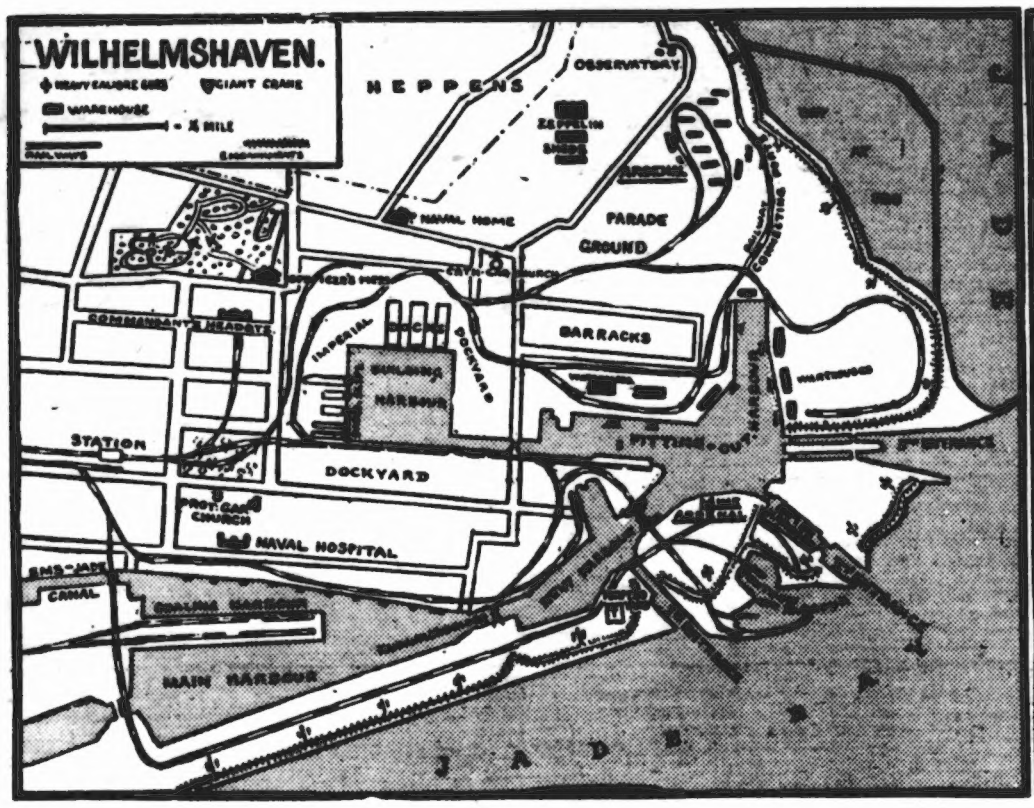
SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1917.

FACTS ABOUT WILHELMSHAVEN.

Wilhelmshaven contains five distinct harbours and basin connected with a system of locks and canals. The building harbour surrounded by the Imperial Dockyards measures about 1300 feet by 1100 feet. The dry docks are long enough for the largest battleships. There are also two enormous Zeppelin sheds, each with room for two Zeppelins, and one of the buildings is of a movable type. It is fixed on a circular railroad, and electric motors supply the motive power.

GERMANY'S COASTAL DEFENCES.





These maps of Germany's coastal defences and Wilhelmshaven are absolutely unique. They illustrate the startling revelations made by Mr J. M. de Beaufort in "Behind the German Veil," now being published in "The Post Sunday Special" (see page 5). It was at great personal risk that Mr de Beaufort managed to get copies of these maps, the originals of which are hanging in the offices of the German Admiralty in Berlin. The small German coastline of the North Sea fairly bristles with forts, and the approaches to the harbours are through narrow channels amidst innumerable sandbanks, which are shown on the top map. It will be seen that the entrance to the Kiel Canal is strongly defended, especially at Brunsbuttel, the equipment of which is on a most elaborate scale. Cuxhaven, really the outer port of Hamburg, and places all along the Elbe are also fortified very strongly; likewise Bremerhaven, which is the outer harbour of Bremen; whilst Wilhelmshaven, the chief naval port of the Empire, is surrounded by defences of extraordinary strength. We give a large scale map of the harbour and dockyards. The key map gives an idea of the relatively small extent of coast which Germany has to defend on the North Sea.

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